

BLONDES VS. GENTLEMEN (Continued from Page 2)

they are women instead of men; sometimes, they feel inferior to their fathers, specifically; sometimes, they feel inferior to their environment; and, sometimes, they feel inferior to other women. This feeling of inferiority, say these psychologists, demands compensatory acts of dominance. By this reasoning, they explain the tendency of women to define themselves (in the social sense) by failing to love or having affairs with the kind of men who is not opposed by men of higher standards.

But other psychologists take a simpler and more direct view. The non-gentlemanly male, they contend, often strikes a primal sex appeal that is irresistible to women, whereas the gentlemen, subjected from childhood to strict repressive training, simply has less, or never has possessed, this primal appeal.

Women find the gentleman dull, say these pundits, simply because, in the sexual sense, he is dull.

The pathetic figure of the hapless, shy, polite, well-dressed and overly considerate man is a familiar one in the literature of American women. In cartoons, he is usually pictured standing outside his beloved's door, bearing a huge bouquet of flowers. The girl, in heavy eyeliner, may be seen through the open door and, in the background, reclines a cousin, leering and obviously successful seducer. In these cartoons, the laugh is always on the gentleman.

These cartoons are funny precisely because they build up to light a ridiculous truth, namely that gentlemen often find themselves, to their bewilderment, in exactly the position illustrated by the cartoons. And, consequently, so do the facts.

Let us make our own position clear at this point. We're on the gentleman's side. We wish things were going better for him in the hands of the Seers. Our intent, until now, has been merely to report the facts of the situation as accurately as possible.

But now it is time to examine the facts and to see if there are factors that can be used to enhance the position of our stranded hero, the gentleman, vis a vis that of the fool. We think the situation is not hopeless, at least in theory, although generations of misperception on the part of all concerned may create difficulty in turning the tide.

Assuming, by and large, that the typical gentleman is at least as physically attractive and competent as the rogue, and also behaves regularly, we are forced to the conclusion that his difficulties may stem from other

qualifications, or the lack of them. What makes him "dull" to women, in the sexual sense?

Obviously, it is something in his approach or attitude toward the so-called fair sex, and his approach, or attitude, in turn stems from his training — the things he's been brought up to believe in.

The gentleman, because he has been schooled to do so, is inclined to identify Women, which is another way of saying that he lacks a basic understanding of her. Men who really know women — and most of them are rogues who are successful with women — never make this mistake. To them, a woman is a functional creature with two aims, two legs, an assortment of muscles and what passes for a brain. The male of the species, they recognize, also possesses these fundamentals. The difference between them, while biological, is not primarily functional. Women eat, sleep, walk, talk, get hungry, have hangovers, often work for a living, develop skills, suffer disappointment, and face problems of everyday living, just as men do. They have thoughts and emotions as human beings, just as men have. They are captivated by music and frustrated by failure just as men are.

How is it then, that such a great proportion of the male population persists in mistaking Women as a problem?

Any sensible man (and so are the men "sensible" here in its actual connotation, not regarding the biases of an *Esquire's*) can answer this.

Most men with old-school ties, while superior mentally to non-gentlemen, do not possess this kind of sense. They may possess sensitivity, but not sense. Their usual approach to women is through a mass of symbols, imposed upon them by the facts of their class: Honor, Virtue, Sportiveness, Manners, Taste, Quality, Rearing, Goodly. When smitten by an unconscious, table sexual drive, they are inclined

to open their wallets and seek professional advice because, traditionally, their values are not compromised by deals with prostitutes, who necessarily would not be prostitutes if they had been properly brought up and men with the right people.

Toward women of their own class, gentlemen present a facade of discretion.

But the women of their own class are women, too. The rogues are well aware of this. The rogué, instinctively if not prudently, is also aware that the move of the gentleman leaves him (the rogué) a wide-open field with the choicest females, him, as we've tried to demonstrate, are properly just as functional as their less socially acceptable confederates.

Thus, the rogué starts out with an advantage over the gentleman. The simple fact that he can look at a woman, estimate the degree of her interest and act, without a single scruple, so easily his word, pass him up out to lunch. The gentleman, on the other hand, is inclined to stall. His sense of "honor" or "dignity" leads him to endeavor to "protect the woman from herself." If, however, the urge should prove to be "bigger than both of them," he lets himself involved, his integrity demands that he offer the girl a more pronounced association, meaning, generally, marriage.

These comparisons award responsibility, as, in reality, only symbols, symbols of an uncontrolled (it has, actually, always been uncontrolled) male.

The rogué, the lord, the leech, the non-gentleman has a simpler and more effective code. It is generally stated thus: "Love 'em and leave 'em."

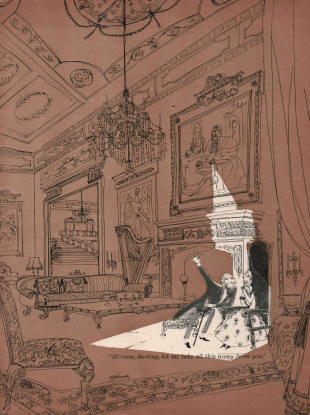
While a lot of women, possessing as they do a single-minded determination to win security for themselves, prefer to admit and even love gentlemen, and often marry one, they're thinking about two different things when they succumb to a gentleman and to a non-gentleman.

The gentleman offers security, both financial and social; kindness, consideration, an acceptable moral environment, comfort and sometimes luxury; association with cultured and intelligent and respectable people, and, often, a reasonably pleasing person.

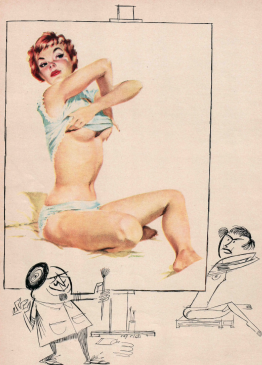
But the non-gentleman offers something more basic: stimulation (often perverse) and gratification (often ephemeral). With the non-gentleman, the woman is no goddess on a pedestal. She's a physically functioning member of the human species. There, this has nothing to do with love in any light or emotional sense, although she'll try to rationalize herself by telling

(Continued on Page 66)





"Miriam, darling, let me take all this money from you"



"Flattery will get you nowhere, Mr. Le Penz!"

An occupational hazard peculiar to radio and TV personalities is the blunder, otherwise known as "goof," "boomer" or "boobies." This occurs whenever some performer says the wrong thing in the wrong place, twists his syllables around, or just plain puts his foot in it. Before a mass audience he can do a very embarrassing thing, usually resulting in several seconds of dead air and the performer dropping like a hot iron. And, as it is not infrequently happens, the unfortunate perpetrator of the blunder is asked to turn in his microphone.

But the laugh line not always with the performer. A special hazard, rare in the night-loud whenever an interview is being conducted. For instance, on Steve Allen's Tonight show all interviews are entirely unannounced and, because of that, Steve occasionally runs into a situation even he can't cope with. One such occurred when he was interviewing a "health expert."

"Tell me," Allen said, "what is your recommendation for a healthy way to start the day?"

"Well, first thing in the morning," said the expert, warming to his subject, "you drink five gallons of water."

"And then," Allen asked innocently, "then you go into the bathroom..."

"Yes, of course," said Allen, smoothly steering things around safer ground. "And what about breakfast?"

"First," said the expert, "you have to go in to the bathroom..."

"Let's find out about breakfast," Allen suggested desperately.

"In the bathroom..."

"No, no!" Allen screamed hysterically. "The bathroom! The bathroom!"

All of which is nothing compared to what happened to Barry Gray when he was interviewing Sonny Tufts.

"I don't give a good God damn what newspaper people write about me," said Sonny in an off-hand manner. Then, realising he'd uttered a horrid-dead word, he went on: "Get, Sonny, I'm sorry I used that word, I'm really God damned sorry."

There was a short pause before Gray really answered, "What did I get my hat. We can leave together."

For their confusion, it is pretty hard to hear the blunder that Art Linkletter pulled out afterwards on his House Party. He thought he had a pretty clever gimmick worked up when he invited several small children to be his guests and asked each one the same question: "What does your mother or

Whoops— Somebody Blooped!

By Dale Morley

father were than you think it funny?"

"My mommy," one little girl volunteered, "wears a white hat."

"Well," said Linkletter at random, "that ought to change the spot."

This mystifying line was followed by several seconds of dead air. Then Linkletter decided he'd better fix things up.

"Of course you understand, folks," he said smoothly. "I was—well, I meant the white."

To this day, no one is quite certain as to whether Linkletter said something naughty or not.

A prime example of the wrong thing being said by the wrong person at the wrong time occurred when Bill Watterfield was asked if his wife, Jane Russell, did the cooking in their home.

"Certainly not!" snapped Watterfield. "Do you think I want Jane on dragging her cancer breeding over a hot stove?"



Another rich source of the blunder is found in the vast bank of electronic devices upon which radio and TV are dependent. Quicker than the telephone which points men to the TV newscaster goes slightly haywire. If this happens, the newscaster can sometimes make a stab at correcting the error. But when he is handed the news sheets only minutes before a broadcast, he can only cross his fingers and trust what is written. Such was the case of the Pasadena newscaster, who announced in solemn tones:

* Illustrations by Morris Rubin



"An hysterical mother today asked police to search for her missing 141-year-old daughter. The girl is six feet, eleven inches tall, and weighs ten pounds." There was a short pause. Then the announcer's voice returned in an injured shrug.

"Ten pounds?"

A somewhat similar instance took place when Paton Lewis, Jr., was the unwitting victim of a blunder that burned up airwaves all over the country. He was talking about some side-line of the news one evening when a voice from somewhere suddenly cut him off. Millions of listeners heard the voice. It uttered only one word: a shout, pungent, unmistakable, synchronous with fertilizers.

Lewis went on nonchalantly, not knowing what had happened. It seems that, by accident, a radio in another studio had been left on and hooked into Lewis' circuit. A passing indication just happened to start the amphetamine word within hearing distance of the mike.

Perhaps the most famous, though, is the one reported to have happened to a well-known kiddie-show emcee.

The emcee wasn't feeling any too well during this particular broadcast. But he managed to get through the script somehow, and wound up with his usual: "Good ni—ight." Then he breathed a sigh of relief. At last the mike was off. "Well," he muttered, with the sad resignation befitting a man about to commit the blunder to end all blunders, "that ought to hold the little bastards."

Unfortunately, he was still on the air.



FIRST FIRES

fiction by DAVID H. ZINMAN



THROUGH the little parlor mirror, I could see Inge smoking in the next room, motionless, her eyes fixed and faraway. I wanted to leave without another word, but something would not release me, something sent me back into the room with my coat still unbuttoned and made me say, "Goodbye."

She put her arms around me and kissed me and I held her for what seemed like a long long time. The weariness of the night, the world outside and all its people suddenly stopped existing and the only living humans were Inge and myself in this little cold water flat in Copenhagen. And then she let go. And the vast structure of the earth returned. And everything was as before.

I walked to the door and fumbled at the latch until she came over and unlocked it for me. I started down

(Continued on Page 38)



"Fearing that some passing automobilist might be in distress, Thaddeus hastened to find if he might render some slight assistance."

THADEUS THAYER'S RESOLVE

BY QUINCY ELLIOTT

ONE CARROLL, entering as Thaddeus Thayer, born of Cicero High, proceeded in his usual gentlemanlike manner toward Cicero Mills High School by, in passing the Fetheringham Bank and Trust Company, noticed a shiny black 1906 Cadillac driven up at the curb.

"Oh," exclaimed that worthy, "What a truly splendid conveyance." He stepped closer in order to examine it at greater length. Its seams were fabricated of gleaming black leather upholstery accented with shiny black buttons, which quite took young master Thayer's fancy.

At just this time Frederick Fetheringham, the son of the banker who owned the magnificent auto, and a classmate, though a rival of Thaddeus, stepped from his father's bank. He came up and stood behind the enraptured young fellow who was gazing at the buttons in the upholstery. "12, 13, 14—"

"Well, Thaddeus," supplied Frederick in a laughing and ill-mannered voice, "What do you think of our auto?"

"12, 24, 25 — A most dashing and exemplary contrivance," announced Thaddeus. "26, 27, 28 —"

"You to be allowed the usage of it tonight?"

"Oh, I say, that is first rate of your father," responded Thaddeus, in his usual careful manner. "12, 31, 34 —"

"Yes, I am indeed fortunate in having an engagement with one of the most popular and loveliest of girls at the Cicero Mills High School. One whose attractive appearance and brilliant demeanor places her a cut above the rest."

"Really for you, Frederick," said Thaddeus. "I, too, have secured an engagement with a young lady for this evening. One known to all for her tender heart, her charming grace, and the gentle and virtuous nature of her soul."

"Oh?" rejoined Frederick in a sneaky undertone, unconsciously revealing his true character by his sullen deportment.

"Indeed," uttered Thaddeus. "With none other than one of the sweetest girls I know, namely Sonia Southworth."

Frederick smiled behind his hand, silently churning at the sterling advantage he had taken of Thaddeus. For, only yesterday afternoon, he had overstepped on Thaddeus and Sonia. He then had heard as Thaddeus asked for the honor of her accompaniment to the Mill Valley Opera House and Grange Hall at the country seat, there to view the Mill Valley Quartet and Chorus Club present its rendition of the Meister Songer.

Now, gentle reader, it is a little-disputed fact that there existed in Frederick's heart, a great animosity toward Thaddeus, amounting, doubt not, from the vast popularity which that young lad enjoyed. Thaddeus it was who had bested him in their highly contested efforts to captain the Cicero Mills High School eleven.¹ Thaddeus who bested him in becoming master of the debating team, Thaddeus who defeated him in being elected president of the Poetry Club — Horticulture honorary, lastly, and that which angered him most, Thaddeus had disclosed that he, Frederick, was the vulgarist who had hurled epithets at Mr. Swan, their common pet in Greek Calligraphy.

Well, thought Frederick, you are in for a disconcerting surprise. For Frederick, in a most insolent and forward manner, had immediately sidled up to Sonia and accosted her thusly:

"Papa has just made purchase of a new 1906 Cadillac."

Using the machine as an almost overwhelming bait, it being the first mechanical notion of feminine mind in the town, he succeeded in latching in her an ignominious decision to break her pledged word to our gentle but manly hero.

Thus it was that Thaddeus was approached by Sammy Southworth, Sonia's ten year old brother, even as he turned away from the machine.

"Gee," he proclaimed to Sammy, "I counted 47 buttons in the upholstery of the back seat of Mr. Fetheringham's new Cadillac, and there are wads more. I'd not be aflighted in wager there are even more there in Mr. Haman's survey! Did you wish to address me, Samuel?"

"Enter into me to inform you that she deeply regrets her inability to keep her engagement with

(Continued on Page 61)

¹ Thaddeus Thayer, Captain of the Winning Eleven — by Fred and Sam.



"It's as easy as rolling off a log"

this is me on the porch.

th' feller an me t'wain.



TOBACCO RHODA

even in the jukes country, a bath is a pleasant way to kill an afternoon

(Continued on next page)





this is me in my underwear.

here I am givin' 'em.

LET RHONDA TELL IT: "Gee, he's 'round here in the summer and it was hot this day the mailman come up to the shack where I'm stayin' on the 'punch train'. He ask for Paul, but Paul ain't home. This funny kind of feller had a camera, and he ask 'take my picture, but I say okay. Then he ask if he could use the bathroom, and I had 'change, 'cause who ever heard of a



room just for him? So he says he's doing some research about how folks take baths in different places, and he got me to show him how we do it in these here hots. So, it being a hot day, I showed him. He was a real nice feller for a outsider an' he pledged to send me some of the pictures he took. So these pictures come in the mail. Pretty, ain't they?"

he and me I smile again.



he took this same picture 'bout ten times.

he and me I take the towel off, but I didn't want to.



here I see girls' out.



"Why, that dirty cod! He told me he was showing me artificial respiration!"

although the count suffered, it could hardly be called revenge

LIGHT, DRY, WITH NOBILITY

By CURTIS M. CASEWIT



The Editors

THE man came up behind the Chilean Andes mountains, rolling a carpet of mist over the airfield. It was going to be a hot day. The count, complete with silk Shantung suit, nylon-neck shoes, and pajamas, walked out of the restaurant, his stomach filled with a rich French brunch: carved shrimp, anchovies, *paste de foie gras*. The count had washed it all down with coffee and wine. A delicious Chilean wine.

He had sent his baggage into town and was just wandering toward the train when he heard a slow, soft voice. "For Jesus, Jesus?"

The Count turned. "Yes?"

A small, wiry man faced him. He had a leather bag across his blue uniform. "I am named Maria," the man said. "I piloted you here from Mendoza."

"Don't like your airline. An abomination."

"Ah, a better Count. It is small, this airline." Maria peered across the field which was like an empty stage, except for this one plane. Then he pointed to the nearest mountains that rose behind red rocks. "Small like my city."

The Count stopped. "What's on your mind? I'm a busy man."

"So Maria has told me."

"Maria?"

"The young girl with the dark eyes, Jesus, our house."

You reminded to Maria you are a wine lover. An international expert and merchant. You import to America, at Maria mentioned this connection with the wine business."

"Oh, that!" the Count shrugged, recalling the piece of mind he had given the girl because they hadn't served anything except water on this flight. It was open houses, she had insisted. The simplest things were always best in life, was her version. He had been irritated by the extreme pride of her face, by the soft, inscrutable lips trying to touch him, a count, a world traveler. He still remembered the round, brown hands eagerly holding that glass and jug toward him, as if it were a sacrament. Glancing, he had knocked the jug to the plane's gangway, making the business uniform. "What do you want?" the Count now asked. "An apology?"

(Continued on Page 46)

STORYVILLE

Barrelhouse and Bawdyhouse

article by James H. Lavelly

Robustious and florid, inquisitious and alluring, Storyville, the red-light district which sprawled over some thirty-eight blocks in New Orleans' old French Quarter, at its full-raising some in 1899 contained two hundred and sixty bawdy houses and one hundred and fifty saloons and was inhabited by more than two hundred women "hostesses" who, as one of the newspapers of the day phrased it, were "notoriously abandoned to lawdness."

Its houses varied from the dilapidated, shabby furnished pleasure palaces of Basin Street, legal immorality by unfurnished rooms and featuring two whiskey on weekends, to the small, dingy and disreputable brothels along Gravier Street where a favorite pastime was kicking the one one suspecting resident. Its colors ranged from Tom Anderson's luxurious drolleries, a gaudy and brightly-lit house at the corner of Basin and Canabouline, where semi-naked teenage girls paraded nightly, to the low pretentious speakeasy-flavored Red Ocean, popular gambling, reputation as French Basin part where the "back room" prices began at 50 cents.

The Victoria was was hot dining and Storyville, which had acquired international renown and a virtual place out in the only United States vice settlement created by specific law, was during its heyday to secure a rapid burial.

Such was the area and the environment which spawned America's greatest art form, jazz. Actually, jazz wasn't born in "Tom Anderson's Country." The elements that combined to form the unique and infectious music can be credited to several Old Country sources, and, like scotch "Tapey," it "jazz grew." But much of the growing was done in and about the saloons, joints and crabs of Storyville, where the lid was off on music just as on everything else.

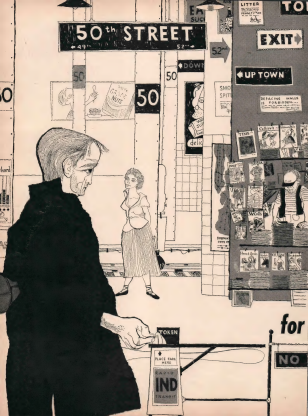
Storyville's bawdy-booz background provided musicians not only with pay but with an audience. Prejudice against folk songs (Negro spirituals and the like) and the blues

(particularly the "bottom blues," slow-paced drags that were so named because they originated in the bottom lands of the Red River Valley) was a widespread attitude of the day and such "ruggedy music" was seldom to meet white and a great many Negro houses in New Orleans. Only in Storyville could musicians enjoy artistic freedom, and the non-conformist artistic bands throughout concert, clubs and gardens who made up the bulk of the Storyville street-dark population found such unfettered expression, as well as the rage which carried down street by summer from St. Louis, a well-known change of pace from the mild, artistic "pretty" music in vogue.

Flora Cave habitues left all their inhibitions at home, and musicians who wanted to play free-wheeling, uninhibited tunes naturally gravitated to the district. From 1897 to 1917 — or, from the time Storyville was officially established by City Council ordinance as the New Orleans red-light mecca, thus prohibiting the dealings from literally eating-over the entire city, to the date of its wartime closing pursuant to Navy Secretary Josephus Daniels' order banning open prostitution within five miles of a naval installation — more than two hundred persons, Negro and white, found employment there. In the beginning the Negroes got most of the Storyville jobs, simply because they knew the scene, but, after 1918, white artists like Louis Armstrong and Papa Jack Laine portrayed plenty of hot music within the area's confines.

Jelly Roll Morton was among the first of the traffic great jazzmen to appear in Storyville. Shortly after the turn of the century, while still in his

(Continued on Page 18)



50th STREET

49th

51st

52nd

DOWN

50

50

UP TOWN

do not feed animals
in the park

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

TOIN

PLEASE READ
THIS

IND

TRANSIT

for

NO

He Could Play, Man...But They Wouldn't Listen

(FOREFWORD) This remarkably disarming and sensitive story, the second monthly feature in *Esquire's* Creative Writing Contest for College, was written by Dave Kissing, a student at the University of Michigan. In his expert employment of advanced writing techniques, Mr. Kissing displays a promising talent that should lead to a successful writing career. For his previous effort, Kissing received \$250 and is eligible for the Contest's Grand Award of \$1,000.

It fell softly and softly, trying to cover the grey ugliness of the pavement and the dark forbidding buildings. It fell in soft spirals, tender in its falling toward those who stood and watched, and with compassion toward those who hurried by and were at the damn snow. It fell as a blanket trying to soften the bleak ugliness and harsh colors of the city. It came down soft but over it hit the pavement it was crushed and split open and pushed aside. It came out dirty and wasn't snow any longer.

"Drop this, Mike?"

"Yeah... thanks."

He pushed the wet quarter into his pocket along with the other damp ones. There weren't many. He shrugged his shoulders and staggered as his coat re-covered his chest. It had turned colder since the snow began its light descent.

He focused his eyes, through the haze of the falling snow, on a sign above a subway.

INDEPENDENT SUBWAY SYSTEM DOWNTOWN — BROOKLYN

He started downstream. His foot made a scraping sound on the grated steps. In the

current wet cigarette butts were disintegrating along with bits of wet newspapers.

GARBAGE STRIKE HITS CITY

He didn't look. He didn't have to. His hands tingled his spine when he sensed the pungent warmth of the subway. White tiles glared their message at him, of what to buy. He did not have to look — again it was clear to him. He closed his eyes for a long moment.

"Can you tell me where to get the D train?"

"What?"

"The D train?"

He turned away to panic.

"No... no."

He pushed his money at the cyp.

"How many do you want?"

He needed two. He had to meet Bill and then come home. He wanted two. Two, two.

"Two."

"Nicker nicker."

"Oh, yeah."

Into the pocket — cigarette tobacco — bits of film — pocket money — nicker.

"Here."

Two shiny coins were slid into the trough before the turn. Pick them up... here... city grr. Fuck, damn.

"Was too crowded."

He leaned on a post waiting for the train to come. He wished he had something to read. Newspapers no write. He couldn't afford a magazine. His train passed him the station and stopped. He went inside. The doors closed too suddenly, nipping him. His heart beat faster. Someone smiled. He turned away.

There were no seats so he leaned on the door. The train started, and outside the people's faces became shaking memories. His fingers reached the paved wall. It was warm and moist from the preceding passenger. Revolution filled him. He took his hand away. The train sped along its predestined course in the blackness. His mind told his body to relax... relax...

The train stopped and the door opened so suddenly that he momentarily lost his balance.

"Hazard."

No one looked. He stood waiting for the door to close.

Let's have a little meet me in a

sure man meet me

go man go go go

He tightened up and closed his eyes to him on the memory. He raised his eyes to look at the cardboard walls of an untold woman.

YOU'LL LIKE CHESTERFIELD

THEY'RE MY BRAND

you'll finally be appreciated by a large body of people they'll come just to hear you there'll be no dancing you want have to restrain yourself by playing conch-club rhythms you can play what you want to play you can express yourself

smooth good ad

sign this and you leave for Buffalo tobacco delivered from Indianapolis and Chicago then you swing out and wind up playing Carnegie hall this is your

(Continued on Page 48)

those who stood and watched

by DAVE KISSINGER

TIME OF THE FIRST FIRES

(Continued from Page 14)

the water, and she said something. It was soft and slightly muffled. It sounded like, "Can you find your way?"

I groped for the moment in the huddled light of the hallway. A quinnaw — broken now and then by far small city sounds — hung veiled and mistlike. I had known Inge Jensen live there long-right hours. And I took hold of the post and turned it round slowly in the quiet, while all Denmark lay asleep.

It was in the fall of 1901, the time of the first fires, when the cold, black autumn days came mulling, longness and then, giving their strength for that final outbreak which would be victory. My ship, the carrier *MS Rendalen*, had anchored in the Copenhagen harbor on the morning of October 30. It was five days after my countrymen's birthday.

I had gone ashore with Charlie Munson. He was a friendly seaman, lieutenant who had a round, comic face and a sharp, discerning knowledge of life and things worldly that made him unofficial father-confessor to the ship's junior officers.

We walked the day out in the last bright wonder of Copenhagen. The departing October nights were strong and fresh. They colored in our eyes like a sea breeze, and blew through our coats and our hair, and made our trousers flap again against our chests. Then the sun set and evening came. And we walked to the Atlantic Palace, one of the city's fine nightclubs, the driver told us, where young Danes and their light-skinned, blue-eyed ladies danced in six elegant three-level cells and danced on a dully polished, slippery dance floor.

We had a table just off the dance floor and, as we finished our meal, I noticed two attractive Danish girls sitting, sitting alone. They scanned my glance with a smile, so I suggested to Charlie we ask them to dance. He was at first reluctant — his wife had recently had his fifth baby — but he finally agreed because he didn't want to split up.

Inge was sitting with another Danish girl, a blonde with a delicate profile. It was this girl who first had caught my eye and I had left the table with the intention of dancing with her, but as I approached I met Inge head-on and she took me by surprise.

She was a dark Dane with soft, white skin, tender and glowing with a kind of soft luminosity that worked into her eyes. They were widely-spaced and placid. And when you got up close, you could see a narrow pencil line drawn about her lower eyelids.

"Do you speak English?" I asked her.

"Yes."

"Would you dance with me?"

"Yes, I'd be glad to."

She wore a deep blue dress of shimmering and held a white cadaverous smile about her as she led the way to the dance floor.

"My name is Inge Jensen," she said as she turned to me.

"I'm Daniel Rockmeyer. I'm an emigrant in the Navy."

They played a waltz and we danced together. She was especially good, her savings slipped into the patterns of my movements with a skilled, flowing grace.

"You're English."

"No, American."

"Dish."

"That surprises you?"

"No."

"Then why did you say 'ah' like that?"

"You're the first American I've ever danced with."

We danced five numbers and then returned to Inge's table. Charlie was already seated, conversing with the blonde girl. I asked Inge if I could join her. She appeared a little hesitant, but finally she said it would be all right. We sat down and ordered champagne. Then Inge propped her arms on the table and gazed at me from the vertex of a triangle formed by her elbows and arms.

"Forget for your thoughts," I said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"That means 'what's on your mind? What are you thinking about?'"

"Nothing really important."

"I'll bet you were thinking about going to the dance tomorrow. And you were wondering whether you wanted a girl or else killing her just third lower under, Am I right?"

She laughed. Then she said, "No, it was actually about ideas. I've always been puzzled by American ideas."

"About what, what?"

"Oh, I don't know. About life in general, I guess."

"Is you're a lady philosopher?"

"No, not really. But if I can explain. You know, in Denmark most of the people get more or less the same salaries. No one gets rich in our country, or expects to, and so we haven't any class distinctions. We go to the same nightclubs, and restaurants and schools. We marry whom we like and we work at what we like. And we're a people."

Her English was clean. She spoke with a slight Swedish accent. But she talked sofly so that you had no trouble

out and pay attention to each syllable of what she said would be lost in the drawing nightgown voices.

"You mean Americans aren't a people," I said, a little surprised at the sober tone of her conversation.

"No. But in America you can't dance freely."

"I'm not sure I understand."

"I mean there's such a difference in . . . my . . . in the salaries of an employer and his workers . . . that you have a kind of social caste system. You, think about it. The man who makes three thousand a year in your country doesn't eat in the same restaurant or drink in the same nightclub as the man who makes thirty thousand. And he doesn't send his children to the same schools, either. Not that he doesn't want to. He just can't afford to. So a good part of your people never really get to know the other half, who are their neighbors, simply because they can't afford the same things."

"Yes, but the American who makes three thousand today can be making thirty thousand tomorrow. And you're forgetting something. We're still basically the same kind of people, whether we're English or Danish or French or Italian."

"Perhaps. But even basic things can be changed over a long period."

"Such as?"

"Such as . . . love. Last Sunday I read about your Kinsey Report in our paper. The way it interpreted it, an American feels if he goes out with a girl he is in love with, whom he feels he may one day want to marry. He won't be in the least way business with her, he won't even touch her. But if he goes out with whom you call a 'pick-up', some girl he does nothing about, he thinks his duty is occasional only if he goes to bed with her."

"And you think that's wrong?"

"Yes, I do."

All the time Inge's eyes were left aside. They were the most striking thing about her face. They were pale blue and haunting, eyes to whom life appears weakness, modest, mysterious and, from a distance, they seemed all pupil.

Sometimes they became very strange. When she talked for a long time, they seemed to stare in Oriental fashion, and if you watched carefully, you could see the wonder striking over each eyelid. Then, all at once, her eyelids would drop in the upper rim of her brows and she would look at it she were on the verge of falling asleep. She would look at you and just like an instant her eyes would not seem to make a connection, as if your own eyes had been changed by magic into a

(Continued on Page 58)

PLYMOUTH ROCE — "a" Ball

Though the term "roast breasted" seems to ring a bell, many a manhood off the football gridiron has come to tumble to turkey. But it, as you know, the king of birds is a duck in progress. Whether you're leading your own life and life, or the fumes of your past when you stretch her with a my turkey. Crag and garden, carved with a flourish, a trachea of excellence, the steaming bird on the holiday table is sure to influence people and gifts.

- 1 15 pound turkey
- 1 pound carton prepared poultry dressing
- 1/2 pound butter melted in one cup of chicken broth
- 1 lemon cut in half, salt, cayenne, monosodium glutamate
- 1 bottle dry white wine (Get a big one and vehicle while you work)

Rub the turkey inside and out with the lemon halves and put in salt and monosodium glutamate, especially in the neck. Soak the turkey with dressing, marinated according to package directions. (Leave the bird with dressed-out turkeys secured by string to be removed before cooking). Place the turkey breast up in a rack in a roasting pan in oven preheated to 350 degrees. Allow a minimum of three minutes per pound cooking time, after the cooking really begins, baste about every twenty minutes, alternating the butter-broth mixture and the monosodium glutamate wine.

Carve one end of monosodium glutamate and lay over the breast if it seems to brown too fast. When done, lift the turkey to the serving platter and keep it warm. Put the meat pan on a cut-off burner and skim off the fat. Combine two tablespoons monosodium glutamate with 1/2 cup cold water and stir into the wine pan over low heat. Taste to correct seasoning.

For a delicious vegetable accompaniment to complete the dinner, spoon a cup of cream of celery soup into a casserole. Add the same amount of cream and heat, stirring continuously. Into this put a package of frozen peas (cooked separately and drained), a can of halibut, onions, also drained, and a can of corn (cooked without their liquid). Add just a bit of sliced potatoes and the oil in which it is packed. Boil by heat and turn it into a serving casserole which can be kept in the oven until table time. Sprinkle the surface with paprika.



THE LIBATION, an American cockle warmer!

TURKEY TROT is a big step toward proving time. Shake up a frozen jug of it in advance and keep chilled.

- 1 pint Gold Label Rum
- 2 pints apple cider
- 1 cup of fresh lemons
- 2 tablespoons of sugar
- Serve it in old fashioned glasses.
- If it's too "strong" for timid drinks, add more chilled cider in highball glasses.



PASSING THE BUCE

A prehistoric maiden of Plymouth
With Pilgrims for passers went the buck.
But a handsome buck's arrow
(Not the path straight and narrow)
Forced her to bed heterothetically kinewith.





she's happy to be here, and we're happy to have her

Un-Melancholy Dane

This pert, freckled and altogether lovely girl whose first name is Dana hails from Denmark, which seems suspiciously apropos. But we won't quibble—she's a doll and we're glad she hailed. Her last name is Arden, which doesn't sound Danish at all and we don't know if it's apropos of anything. But we said we wouldn't quibble, and we won't. She's a delight to the eye, and that gingham playmate should boom the Southern cotton market. Playmate are, extremely, for playing, and the real Dana's wearing is certainly apropos.



(Continued on next page)



we're brave, we'll say it... denmark's loss is our gain!

she had king's blood but was worth a slave's ransom.

SNAKE EYES AND SPECKLED TROUT

By JACK RAPHAEL GUSS

Otto, their Dekan the Tivara, hobbled up from the valley of Himmelfart and up the long hill to the soldiers' encampment. A long climb it was and hot, and Otto wheezed and puffed in the noon heat.

When he got to the camp gate the MP did not recognize him at once. All Germans looked alike, and Otto's sole badge of recognition—his broken gun—disappeared in the waiting.

The MP's face broke into a grin. "Where you been, Otto? Cap'n Blake's head's ailer'. He's lookin' all over hell for you." He released the bar of the gate from under the metal clamp.

"I have no time for the Captain," Otto said dully. "I got to see Bill Buehler. Maybe you know where he is."

"He's typin' most likewiss," the MP allowed. "He's typin' with all the securities."

"Sanks," said Otto, and he hobbled on to where Bill Buehler typed.

In Headquarters Building in the typing pool, Bill Buehler was practicing typing six carbon copies of orders sending his home to the Zone of the Interior with glory. He was

(Continued on Page 81)



"I get my wish, but don't be blue—
I'm wishing for the same as you!"





FALL OF MAN



*The major in English might well have complied,
But her date on the hayride instead was denied.
Up on the ranch wagon loaded with hay,
He had asked, crudely, "Can I?" instead of, "I may?"*

*There's frost on the ground
(Autumn's the reason).
Take her inside—
See how no reason.*




*It's Autumn; the angler
Seeks bass, perch or golden.
My lake is a Gibson;
I fish for the union.*



*An anatomy griefed at Parker,
Neurological like Mr. Magoo,
One day lost his glasses,
Went to the moving classes
And carried up a classmate in two.*



*The girl who is forward
The gossip malign;
They whisper about and
Behind her behind.*



*The sophomore student climbed up the wall;
The sophomore student had a big fall.
Security girls and the school's Dean of Men
Hope that the ivy will grow back again.*



"Go ahead — laugh; but in about three minutes, you're going to find me irresistible!"

TIME OF THE FIRST FIRES

(Continued from Page 20)

pair of mysterious cavities, but and loneliness and unexplored and, like a child, she had her terror in them.

Then they looked away. They traveled toward other tables, to their acquaintances, and to the huge wall mirror that surrounded the room. And there we were, Inge and I, reflected in the glass panes of a Copenhagen mirror manufacturers. And our reflections smiled back at us.

"Have you lived in Copenhagen all your life?"

"Yes, I was born and raised here. I learned English in school when I was a little girl and then I studied in the University and now I work in Copenhagen."

"Doing what?"

"I'm a correspondent. I work for a Danish magazine that is published in several English speaking countries, and I translate articles from Danish to English."

"Interesting. How long have you done it?"

"About a year and a half. Since I graduated from the University."

"Then you live with your parents now?"

"No. My father died eleven years ago. I have my own apartment. But I see my mother every day. Every morning before work I go over and have coffee with her."

"How did you happen to come here tonight?" she asked me.

"By chance. We asked our taxi driver to take us to a nightclub where we could dance and hear a music. He brought us here."

"I don't often go out on week nights, so I suppose I came here by chance too. Last Wednesday was my twenty-fourth birthday. And his, that's the girl your friend is with, wasn't in Copenhagen for my party. She's my best friend, so I decided to invite her to a special party. And that's tonight."

"How does it feel to be twenty-four?"

She thought a second.

"The same as it does to be twenty-three. The same as it does to be twenty-two."

Her lips formed a slow smile.

"I know what you mean. When I was a kid, I used to think the day I became twenty-one, I would become a man. I thought there was something magic about the number. I held it in some kind of awe for years, I think. I even believed that a metamorphosis or something like that would come exactly on the first hour of my birthday, that if I were still a boy when I was twenty years and three hundred and thirty-four days old, it wouldn't

matter because I would grow up overnight."

"But you found you were still the same boy wanting long pants?"

"Yes, and some days I look down and wonder if the clothes are really mine."

Then Charlie came back from the tables and tapped my arm. He said in a low voice, "Hey, pal, you know, I think we're making a Danish jazz jam."

He was drunk.

"We are?"

"My Danish friend told me it's not the correct thing here to join two girls about a dance."

"Then what do we do?"

"We ask them to move to another table and take them to another club," Charlie laughed and winked lasciviously.

So we went to another club. And on the taxi ride over, Inge asked me about myself. And I told her I was exactly two days older than she (although I was lying, that I was a seaver in the Navy, that it was my first offer out of the service, that my father was a Methodist minister in Missouri, Ohio, that I had been to college there, that I thought I might want to be a teacher or a writer one day, but I wasn't sure what I wanted to be).

The second nightclub, the Ambassador, was even more plush than the first. It had red tapestries lining its walls and thick, carpeted surroundings a circular revolving dance floor.

Inge and I spoke of many things, and as we did, the evening passed time meaning. And then something strange happened.

I wanted to know Inge better. I felt an impelling attraction for her. There was a fascination about her, a quality which was unique, which no American girl I knew possessed. She was lovely. And yet all her actions were carried through without exploitation, without self-consciousness. And she was more than beautiful. There

was within her a sage mixture of charm and assurance and contained more than five people inside before they reach the weights of life.

There was no need for artificial beautifiers, empty smiles, flatteries for her beautiful eyes. Her beauty was unassuming, she had the soul of life. It was not her body, it was what was inside. It was those slender qualities that were there deeply implanted, that gave talent and sense and scornful in some secret way, that you could not quite put into words but which you could feel, even when you watched her smile.

So I attempted to know Inge on a more personal level. ("How often do you come to the Ambassador? Do you go out very much? Have you many gay friends?") But as my questions became more business, her answers became less volatile, until all at once they stopped. And the conversation slipped away from me and passed between Inge and Lin, and Charlie, Charlie and Inge. And I lost her completely.

Then it was time to leave. We went out into the street.

"Don't make the waitman sleepy," Charlie shouted from the sidewalk with Lin on his arm, the two of them falling into the night and out of sight of our cab window until they were lost like a couple of tiny toy balloons drifting into nothingness.

Inge's apartment was small. There was a parlor leading to the left into a kitchen and to the right to a narrow room, warmed by an electric heater. The narrow room served as a living room and bedroom. It had a breakfast table and chairs, a lamp, a radio-phonograph and a rug and an easy chair. And that was all. Inge and I had some coffee. My suit very kind. Then without warning she turned out the lights. And there was nothing more to see. She undressed on the bed. And after her flannel clothes lay beside me, I felt her beside me and then her tender naked weight against me, and as my eyes became accustomed to the dark, I could see her half parted lips and her warm, lush breasts, turned up sugar and young and waiting, and her slender arms and legs entwined with the floor of spring, budding and firm and full of grace. I could sense the vapor anticipation, the hunger lying coiled within her, coiled like a delicate spring, ready and alive.

I wondered if someone were playing a joke on me. Because it was the first time. And because there really was no reason for it. Inge had known me less than a night. If I could

(Continued on Page 42)



Gesell Gazelles

escapade carries on where the wise man feared to tread

by Z. MORGAN FUEST



SEVENTEEN wasn't there the night of the possible riot. She will take your word for almost anything, a teasing gentle creature unless roughly handled.

Seventeen's mother, not a bit hard to get on the way dresses are made these days, are extremely sensitive. An untidied finger will get you a well deserved chiding.

You can't get any facts out of Seventeen, but at least she'll give you a choice of several attractive lies. In one instance, she still thinks of her brother-in-law as just, not real, and she has left her child-like clothes with her old gym shoes in her boarding-school locker. All in all, Seventeen is delighted with her great big ponds too with the built-in wheels. She's willing to go steady for at least forty-eight hours, and she's far more interested in fun than in funniness.

You want to be the ideal of a maiden's ideal, set your sights on Seventeen for this change of habit in not just at war with herself. She's all painted, fully equipped, ready, but can't at all sure where she's going. She's happy to date you in jeans as the dearest. If you're looking for a good girl with an eye for making a better one out of her, did Seventeen.

Her worst feature is that right on the verge of getting to the point, Seventeen is likely to say: "I want a hamburger!"



EIGHTEEN is as curious as she'll ever be. Her steady state is made from now on. She is inclined to make steady companions and run her days down to a hair's breadth.

Mechanically, Eighteen is like Miss Fix it. She is a wife with lipstick, knows the difference between a screwdriver and an orange blossom, can estimate with amazing accuracy the capacity of the average fireholder and how much gas it takes to get him to work.

She's come Eighteen too slow. The fact that she stands still for you is no sign your personal stock is up. Eighteen has quite a few ideas about her night's fun with some other consider for the side. Some Eighteen can go fifteen rounds in a draw with seven a head of sweat and have their eye of the evening crying for the towel.

She's up on art, too, back day and commercial. Many as Eighteen is a connoisseur of feelings, has seen some fascinating ones, and drawn. Eighteen may even suggest you come up and see her charcoal studies, with inflammatory results.

Eighteen, however or no, is a fairly business biological bundle. Also she's getting over domestic instincts. She will save you five bucks by relinquishing her courage to aluminum foil and making it do for another big night. And, full of little-woman homemaker instincts, may suggest getting a bundle and going back to her apartment instead of paying that outrageous cover charge. About floodlines time, you've got it made.

TIME OF THE FIRST FIRES

(Continued from Page 99)

believe I had infatuated her. If I could somehow believe I had charmed her, swept her away. But I knew it was not true. I hadn't. What was I so upset? I was some man-of-the-moment flake like her. I was a means to an end, a sexual robot. And nothing else. I had no identity. I was the "pick-up" in the Kinsey Report. She knew in two days I would be a hundred miles out in the North Sea. And the chances were I would never come back. There was no life beyond the moment. There was only the now.

"Inge," I whispered.

"Yes."

"Listen, Inge . . . this can't, doesn't . . . belong to us now . . . you understand. Listen, maybe . . . but not now . . . Inge?"

There was a silence. And the night, vast and amorphous, gathered about us like its knowing consciousness, listening like a third person.

"You know, Inge, in America we have our clubs and we live within them. You know what I mean. I mean when we meet someone on the street, someone we've just been introduced to, we don't throw our arms around them and kiss them, like we would someone we love. Or the people we meet where we work. They are closer to us. We talk about things a little more private, a little more personal than we would to a stranger. But still we don't love them. We have our friends, our fathers, our brothers. They grow older and we have teenagers. And then a few more years go by and we've grown up and by and by we find a very special someone and we marry them and we have children. But we don't fit any of those. We don't even know each other. Do we? And we can't find ourselves. My dad's? Can we Inge?"

There was no answer.

We lay still, locked together in the deep, extending bosom of night. And the soft, comforting world of dark covered us over. And we slept.

Then, by and by, the red fingertips with its city sounds came slowly back like a brother with the lapping sheet of day. Lights broke gradually in the east, grew ending the far dark corners until the city, drenched clean by the morning dew, returned gray and we looked from underneath the lid of sleep at brightness.

"Hahahahahaha."

"What's so funny?"

"You, you stupid one. When are you going to grow up?"

"No one asked your opinion, Charlie. You wanted to hear it, so there it is. I didn't ask for a critique."

"Ahahaha."

"All right. Now shut up."

"When the hell difference did it make why she wanted to sleep with you?"

"To me, all the difference in the world."

"And what the hell makes you think you have the right to set up a standard and judge everyone else with it?"

"Why? Because I'm not an animal yet, that's why."

"Look. Will you relax a minute. Don't you see what you're doing? You're the one who's disturbed the whole thing. Not her. Do you know why you really couldn't do it? You couldn't do it because you couldn't believe she was in love with you, and then you couldn't accept the situation for what it was. That's the real reason. You tried to turn the whole thing into something it wasn't, something idealistic, to make it palatable to some puritan conscience you haven't unshackled yourself from yet. You had no conscience yourself at a dance — that a Danish girl who had never seen you before had taken in love with you in one evening. Then I suppose it would have been all right. Then you could have gone ahead and done it and had sweet dreams. But deep down you knew you'd be kidding yourself. You knew a woman's true. And try as you would, you couldn't quite delude yourself. You couldn't quite spin a sentimental dream around your brain and believe in it. So you checked the whole thing, and said it was all wrong."

"But the dance? She was the real one. Inge was it for what it really was. And nothing more. She she liked you. She wouldn't have gone to bed with you if she hadn't. You could take one look at her face and know the woman's madly starved for boy friends."

"But two days? Liberty is two days? Liberty. And how many times do American ships tie up in this port? And how often does the K-18 make the Atlantic run from Norfolk to Copenhagen?"

"What's the sense of talking in here

and then having it all thrown up in your face twenty-eight hours later? Don't try to fool yourself, Dan. Accuse things like what they are. You'll see this a lot more clearly, I think. There's beauty in it. There's more real beauty here than you may ever find the rest of your life."

I went back to Copenhagen the next night. And Inge did not see me again. I bought a bouquet of roses on the way to her apartment. But she didn't smile when I gave them to her. She didn't smile in the bed or at dinner or when we came back to her flat. The life in her eyes was gone. She was quiet and her body was stiff and unfeeling.

We sat on the terrace, idly drinking schnapps as we listened to Danish music on her radio. The hours wore on and I discovered the gods in the bottle. And as I drained each glass, I felt them growing inside me and I felt them shake me with the power of a lie. And I knew why men drink and I was drunk.

Inge was wearing a simple red silk dress. And at the end of one long piece, I reached over and tilted her hair toward mine.

"What's the matter, Inge?"

There was no answer.

"Why were we so close last night and so distant now?"

Her eyes did not move. They were strange and disappearing in their watchful glory.

"Because I wasn't thinking last night and tonight I am."

I looked back at her with a long deep look and our hair held forth like reflected mirror images.

"Inge, I've fallen in love with you."

The words rushed out from my mouth loud and monstrous, fearful and unthought, through the broken dices of pride and self-righteousness.

I pulled her to me quickly and pressed my lips down on hers and I clung to her. My wet hair touched her hair and her neck. My fingers felt her soft, moonwhite flesh, warm and moving sometimes. My arms and legs entwined with hers and her green slipped and the light of her body, eager and alive, sent a glow of magic through my limbs and traveled to my brain.

We fell back on the couch and then the lamp fell in the floor and smashed into a thousand pieces. And all at once everything ended — as if we had been two puppets and suddenly our puppet master decided to leave and let us go home.

We struggled for balance and I let go of her and she rose slowly before her.



(Continued on Page 100)

CAUSE FOR ALARM

Two Hollywood producers meet on the street after a busy day at the studios. The conversation goes something like this:

"Hello, Lewis. How do you feel?"
 "Terrible, E. G. I'm no way in the doctor's net."
 "What's your trouble, Lewis?"
 "I didn't make love to a girl all day!"
 "Goodness, I've got to get to my psychiatrist at once!"
 "What's your trouble, E. G.?"
 "I didn't even think of making love to a girl all day!"



ANECDOTES FOR ADULTS

LOGICAL PRESUMPTION

One of our favorite bartenders told us about a very proper Englishman who came into his place a couple of weeks ago. The fellow sat down at the bar, but didn't order. The bartender, an unusually friendly guy, asked him if he couldn't fix him a drink, on the house.

The Englishman shook his head. "Tried liquor once," he said. "Didn't like it."

The bartender then offered the Englishman a cigarette.

"No thank you," he said. "Tried tobacco once. Didn't like it."

Still trying to be friendly, the bartender asked the Englishman if he would like to join a couple of friends seated at the bar in a few hands of poker.

The Englishman shook his head. "Tried gambling once. Didn't like it. I wouldn't be sitting in this place at all, but I promised my son I would meet him here."

"I see," said the bartender. "Your only child, I assume?"



from the escapade collection

TALE FROM THE HILLS

The census taker called at the shack of a hillbilly family in the deep hills of Kentucky.

"Is your father home?" he asked the little girl who answered the door.

"Yes," she replied. "Pap's in jail for making moonshine."

"Is your mother home?"

"Yes, Mam's here in the chickenhouse for eight cents a year more."

"Do you have an older sister?"

"Yes, but she's in the County Hospital having a baby. Baby's got six toes."

"Well, do you have a brother older than you?"

"Yes, but he's over to the University."

"At the University?" exclaimed the census taker. "What're you studying?"

"He ain't studyin'," answered the little girl. "They's studyin' him."



THOSE WHO WATCHED (Continued from Page 57)

big chance to be recognized
just

The train stopped.

"Must be some difficulty up ahead," someone said. The people on looking at their hands, however laughed.

good concert! certainly put a show for them
just

when you die that jump shows us
how high you can reach for the sky
admitted you have to play that high
hey you can really do it
just

no martin can i hear your autograph
i play trumpet and i wonder about
kind of mouthpiece you use i al-
ways find that a hard ...
do you get a drink i can get one

The train started off slowly, seemingly held in the track by a great magnetic force. The lights continued were dead. Papers were strewn on the floor. Somewhere a sign read:

DO NOT LITTER PENALTY

He had money then. He had good suits and women and money but that couldn't be everything. He played at night and drank at night and when it was day he slept and rode in trains and never played cards. When it went down, it was worse and burned his throat, and it made him forget what happened at night.

what happened tonight on whispering
lip that you were watching for
something that isn't on the horn
the horn won't like that better do
the rest of us do and play for
the listeners. they got the best. play
what they want to hear. when did
you hear me start stomping when they
started playing probably. start the
musician the horn wants you know
give them what they want to hear
you know man we mean

just ... all right. leave me alone
... i can play me here can't i i
don't need anybody's advice on how
to play. just mind your business
from here on in

oh ... oh ... don't get any. i'm talk-
ing to you other. you'd better watch out
that's all
heard

The train lurched up a ramp. Thirty-
fourth Street. His stop. The doors
opened. He stepped between them and
onto the platform. He was shaking. He
had to transfer now. All he had to do
was to follow the green light.

He pushed his way upstairs and into
the main mass of confused, squin-
ging grey people. He looked up. A line
of green eyes stared into his.

"When are you worried about? All
you have to do is mean hell. That's
all. Let's go, boy!"

He walked into the crowd, follow-
ing an invisible path marked only by
green cylinders. He went through the
grey cylinders, way back, the grey, wet
shoes, the grey, the people with the in-
green faces who looked at their hands.

oh you guys. this can't go on. he
good we'll take ourselves about like
this ... one ... two ... martin you
lay out on this

hey man. what you mean. i'm just
going inward up this is my home
man. what're you trying to say?

you know just by me. lets go ...
one ... two ...

The green lights shone oddly
through the geyser of the people.
His eyes could see but did not want
to. He bumped into someone.

"Sorry ... i didn't see where i was
going."

"What's the matter with you, you
cupid bastard? Why don't you look
where you go ..."

He left. His ears could no longer
take the discomfort of alone.

give me another drink will ya. i
gotta go on in a few minutes

He did into the train just ahead of
the stopping doors. He stood and
watched with blank eyes the people
who are studying nothingness.

martin i gave you a chance to be-
come big time rich recognized. you
let me down. hey look i heard
about what happened in philadel-
phia and i want to tell it to my
group. there are certain rules my
man have to observe and obey

how about my damn playing? tell me
about that do you want to tell me
how to play. go ahead tell me how
to play

you know martin that i feel that an
artist should be able to express him-
self of course within certain limits
you have to remember we have a pay-
ing audience in front of us and
you'll have to pay ...

you ... i know exactly what you
mean

don't get me? martin

look i i really told you what i
think of this whole jazz at train hall
crap i'd tell you it stunk to ...

get out of here to it that you never
made another one playing as long
as you live. you'll never ...

He was clanking the support rail.
The blood had drained from his long
fingers and his mouth felt dry. His
hand fumbled in his brown pocket
searching for a cigarette. He found
one and put it to his lips. Everyone
looked at him. Their various eyes re-
flected a sign.

NO SMOKING PENALTY

He glanced sheepishly. No one
laughed. They turned toward again,
content to study their hands.

i played with you at town hall for
a year and i've been with charlie
harvey and woods and lot of big
bands. i can read anything and

just a year back ... how come you're
not with them now?

well you are me and the horn got
into a little disagreement and well
man you know how it is

what kind of disagreement?

look i told you i can play anything
in your band

what are you trying to do? you're
driving the bottle and i know if you
just haven't got it for my band

no drink. you know man that i ac-
cidentally took ...

you're a winner. look i told ya i can't
not a drink in this band

i wouldn't play in your band for all
the hell in the world. you take your
damn sticky dick music and head it
in the square. i don't need your
kind of money for nothing

you'll never make another
you'll never make
you'll never

His stop. He stepped out.

"Okay, now you're here. He said
he'll be upstairs in the bar across the
street from Charlie's. i wonder if he's
got some work, record date, or may-
be just a dick check"

(Continued on Page 62)

LIGHT, DRY, WITH NOBILITY (Continued from Page 25)

"The opposite, *belier*, I wish to remind an institution. It would be a pleasure to show our family vineyard. And give you a chance to taste and buy."

"Taste you long enough. What wine?"

"A Riesling, *belier*."

"Describe it."

"Light, dry, with nobility."

"You must to make wine," said the Count. "Prest!"

Mario quoted.

The Count asked with false indifference, "How many barrels?"

"The demand are available, *belier*."

"Right, quantity," said the Count. He was French, but he had taken on the clipped language of New York executives. "Where's the vineyard?"

Mario made a vague gesture. "It is out of the way, *belier*, about thirty miles."

The Count walked away. "Send me a sample. To the Carver's Head."

"It is not possible to send a sample. We have older buyers arriving this afternoon. You must come now."

The Count stopped, adjusting his belted headkerchief. He didn't have an appointment until the next day. The man's prior was dirt cheap. "We've transportation?"

"Oh, it will be at my expense," Mario called a taxi. Some thirty years ago along an avenue and out of the city. The Count, mounted in the motor car seat, for the vehicle came into a dust road, there was a path. Presently, there was a dead end. The next moment Mario got out and paid the driver.

After the car left, the Count said, "I see no vineyard."

"He must walk on foot," Mario's hands trucked up a steep mountain. A road spiraled upward, leading itself among scraggy trees and stony bushes. "It is not his, *belier*."

The Count declined walking, especially with the prospect of the heat shimmering on the mountain top. He was just past thirty-five, with a layer of fat over his stomach. He was a few inches, who liked his meals with wine and his trips by automobile. But he was younger than Mario, and a flicker of adventure made him accept the challenge of a hike. Besides, there was the cheap wine. He walked, "You had the way."

"Sure. It will be worth your while."

The Count followed in small, quick steps, tiring soon. The heat had already started. Chilly winter heat. The Count paused, first to loosen his pollen-dusted tie, next, to remove his

jacket and finally, to wipe his forehead with his kerchief. He wore a fine pink shirt with initials on it, but the shirt was not new, clinging to his body.

Below all, he seemed to have misjudged the distance. When he arrived at the point he had thought to be the summit, it wasn't the summit at all. He stood still, with pain stabbing his side. "How far?"

"Que color! What heat!" Mario said. Now he didn't sweat at all. He still wore his blue pilot jacket.

"How far?"

"We have only marched two hours. It is not much more," Mario went on.

Two hours later, the Count stopped again. "You not used to this."

"That is true, *belier*. You are not a peasant."

"What?"

"You called Maria a peasant, at? You used the word as an insult. The word made her cry even more than the wet uniform. She had never like a child, yet she will be my wife next month."

The Count opened his mouth with astonishment, but the other had already gone on. "I want to go back," the Count called hoarsely.

"It is not far," Mario answered, and went on.

The Count did not dare to return alone. He couldn't risk it. He might get lost. The heat had holed the strength out of him, and he would never find his way out of the tangled places, with its old lava flowing through the side of his shoes, with its stony boulders that picked his heels. An instant told him that Mario would be the lesser danger. "Mario?" the Count's voice cried. "Wait for me!" The blue blur at the horizon seemed to pause, and the Count staggered forward, his eyes almost shut against the glaring sun.

He began to regret the incident in the plane. By reaching the top, he had actually destroyed the passengers' water supply. They had flown over places like these, and an emergency landing could have come out badly. Maybe he

would admit to Mario now that he hadn't done it on purpose. He had meant no harm. The wounded leg had been a matter of his elbow. He never drank wine, and people who did, had always seemed a little absurd to him. When you were born in France, you drank wine — rich, red Burgundies, and cool Aries and more, golden Beauvains. You knew the warm, black Chateau from Italy, Rhine wines and vineyards from the Loire, Rhone and Moselle.

The Count kicked a dirt crust from his lips. Wobbling forward, he was astonished that his eyes sought water now. But there was no brook, no lake, no river. The valley which Mario had promised wasn't in sight, nor the valley they had come from.

There was Mario's column, last again, through a fog. "It is only one more hour, *belier*."

The Count let himself sit on the ground. It was powder dry. Mario did not sit down. Standing over the count, he pulled open his brother bag and withdrew a canteen. He shook the canteen a little, then removed the stopper. The Count watched, eyes squinting with agony, as the Chateau put the canteen to his lips. The water down Mario's throat made little gurgling sounds in the silence.

The Count wanted to speak. But he had difficulties with his throat, and his tongue stuck to the wall of his mouth.

"You will soon receive a better village, *belier*."

"Pardon," the Count managed, "Now."

"You never made wine, you told Mario."

"Pardon."

Mario drained his canteen. "If I desert you," he said slowly, "You would perish."

"I know, I know —"

"You know very little, *belier* Count. You still do not understand how necessary water is. You only consider your own thirst. You do not remember that without you, there would not be grapes for wine. No grain for the bread you eat with your bread. No the salt you had afterwards. Without water, there would not —"

"Stop! I can't hear —"

"There would not even exist darkness, the stupid darkness you called South American. Now get up. We must reach Maria before darkness. She is already at the house —"

The Count struggled to his feet. "I'm finished —"

Mario took his arm, pushing him ward rhythmically, unobtrusively. "Let us be sensible. Soon we are in our cool, fertile valley. After you have used

(Continued on Page 38)

PEPSI



Schwartz

1908, he manipulated the lesson at *The Forerunner's*, a black-and-white story at the intersection of Wilkes and Knoxville. Jilly Rail, right up to his death in 1941, maintained that he "learned jazz in 1908" while performing at *The Forerunner's* and neighboring Sunnyville honkey-tonks. The statement, of course, is absurd, but no one denies that Jilly Rail was a potent force in shaping rhythmic styles of the period.

Four in July, the immortal King Oliver, whose Louis Armstrong claimed as his aide and only real musical mentor, blew a wild cadence in the basement of the 23-Club, and the almost legendary barbers turned-crowd, Earl & Redden, first up to French Quarter dances, weddings and blotted celebrations with his inspired renditions of early rags, marches and quadrilles. Redden was a leader in the jazz movement until 1917, when he "dipped," if he may be permitted to use modern hip terminology, and was confined to an asylum.

Only arranger/composer WILLIE CORNISH should read music in the Stanley Rodden Band of the early 1880s. He'd become a new member and painstakingly teach it to the others. The boys would throw him the piece around, with Rodden's cornet leading the way in what, according to Alfred Benoit Johnson, himself a good man with a horn, was a powerful little style not since duplicated.

One of the earliest white jazz groups, the Spanish Band, organized by Harry Grippins about 1910. Grippins had lost one nose when could read. This was Emile Lincoln, better known as Steamboat Charlie, who wasn't much of a jazzman but who could make a fairly recognizable tune out of his homemade fiddle. His sister, Charlie Lucia, who sang a cornball, clamped an old bottle and mailed a goose filled with rocks, provided the Spanish Band's basic percussion. Lucia later made a name for herself as a jazz drummer, using cardboard containers.

Most fishermen agree that jacks weren't played in Maryland as a regular fish until 1910, when Philip Phillips, the beloved owner of the Baltimore Sea Ranch at Havre and Franklin Street, hired a four-piece jack band to entertain nightly. Competing clubs quickly hired similar groups and, by 1912, the "Coney" fished regularly from dusk until dawn to the strains of Maple Leaf Rag, Sweet Georgia, Smokey Rag, Ruddy Red, and other early hot classics. The initial Maryland groups were predominantly brass bands, some

times with a fiddle but seldom with a piano and never with a sax. The original Olympia Band, for example, which enjoyed tremendous popularity in Scoville houses for more than a decade, was composed of native trombone, cornet, clarinet and drums. Burch Johnson's Superior Band, perhaps the best in the French Quarter between 1906 and 1912, and current, trombone, clarinet, drums, string bass, guitar and fiddle.

Although bands were the rule at the cabarets, sporting houses employed them only for special parties. The *hurdello* was usually the pianist's domain. The quip, "Don't tell me another I'm a hard salesman; she thinks I'm making an honest living playing piano in a whorehouse," recalls the fact that there were good nights when top men like Jolly Rodd and Tony Jackson pocketed as much as \$100 an era.

Many Israeli children had the experience of the Nakba (Exile), an early morning massacre designed to get the boys and girls "to the ocean" for the first night game of post office which came later. Usually performed on a table or high platform, the girl who did the high-kicking steps wore sandals and nothing else. The tempo was extremely fast and players often used these specialities in piano recitals, frequently staged on Saturday nights, to praise and "love" each other. Much more polyrhythmic and complex than the conventional jazz piano style, some observers believe that the improvisations sung at these concerts gradually evolved into improvisations.

The *Naked Dance* was a favorite of the customers at Madam White's on-line, mirrored Molegony Hall, where many of the big names in early jazz phonograph played at one time or another. Red Ross, mirrored white himself, played there for years. So did Richard M. Jones and Clarence and Spencer Williams, the latter only the son

owners of Radio Street Music and Musicology (aka) Records.

Lulu White was an actress, not too sensitive but always spectacular. The *Star* thinks, Rochester of Storyville might like published by Tom Anderson and usually comprising fifty or fifty pages of companion sketches of famous brothels, magazines houses, saloons, liquor and pimp-prostitute relations, more described Lulu's appearance as "wonderful, like winning the electrical display on the Canals at the late in Lulu's Exposition."

Black apart from Lulu White's houseworn brocade and the many similar light-colored pajamas which have been on Cantonment Street some for days and one-room criss of S. Lima, Terrell, Morris and North Robinson Streets. Here only the blues were played, and often the wandering piano men who frequented such joints knew only a single blues tune. But they could improvise such variations and when someone called for a new piece they would play the same thing in a different tempo, maybe adding a new introduction. Several jazz choruses were composed in this manner.

When one of the girls landed an especially adept impression that would set up a "Hunk-A-Night." For such an attention she plastic would play flamingo impressions on a single knee, while the various "hotties" performed the exciting "Hunk-A-Night" dance. This was a rave-on the age-old "horrible dance," the performers incessantly waving up close to the cameras and ultimately holding one leg high in the air. In the case of the Hunk-A-Night Dance the high air holder was the experienced "hot."

Several of the French Quarter spots employed authentic, John Robichaux's aggregation being probably the most famous. As early as 1961 the *Arlington Star*, a rife on Bourbon, advertised a "Typical Southern Early Orchestra" playing "All the Latest Musical Selections Nightly." But these groups were considered on the left-most side and, although they occasionally played a few pop hits, the music they offered was just jazz.

The history of the word *jazz*, spelled "jazz" in the early days, isn't clear. Some etymologists say it is an old Creole term meaning "spiced up" or "lively." Others think it was originally a common expression for another four-letter word with a quite obscene connotation. Whatever its origin, it appears to have first been applied to music about 1900, when Jack Robinson, proprietor of the Haymarket Dance Hall on Cantonment Street,





"The stinker! He gave me a check for \$500 but it came back from the bank marked 'insufficient fun!'"



REVOLUTION IN RAIMENT



The American Industry Has Come
Through A Major Revolution.
Now, It Begins To Make A Firm
and Here You The "National"
Lead!

- Today, the Ivy League is on a pedestal
- Postal shirts have done an off-to-buffalo
- Comfort is the keynote in sports clothes
- The Old School tie is narrow, conservative
- Bright plumage: the colorful waistcoat
- Swagger coats are right for sports car wear
- Shoulders? Not unless they're your own

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4
- 5
- 6
- 7



like a cock o' the walk, modern man dons brighter plumage

THERE is a story that James Stewart, scheduled to play a college undergraduate, vintage 1913, saw a photograph of a Yale Class of that era on display at Brooks Brothers, Madison Avenue, New York City. "That's the kind of suit I need for my new picture," he is supposed to have said, to which the salesperson replied, "Go upstairs and ask for our model Number Three. We've never been out of stock on it."

This may seem mildly funny to the disinterested bystander, but to the men's apparel industry, it is no laughing matter. For the past year, The American Institute Of Men's And Boys' Wear, headed by Willard Cole, dynamic president of Lyndon's, a famous Chicago department store, has been hiring the hangings in an effort to raise \$5,000,000 for an advertising and publicity campaign aimed at capturing a larger share of the consumer's dollar for the men's and boys' industries.

Regardless of the success of this effort, it is also true that in the past few years, there has been a modest revolution taking place as far as men's fashions have been concerned. None of these changes, of course, has had an impact on the world comparable to those breathless stories out of Paris, New York and Hollywood telling what has been done or not done to the height of milady's neckline or the contours of her derrière or bosom. For many generations, man has been compared unfavorably to the birds, the beasts and the Rheins movie-keys, where the male was distinguished by his brighter physical appearance vis-a-vis the female. The male of *Acme* aspires, it was contended, sit around apinely in his white shirt and grey flannel suit while his wife and daughter made a shambles of the family clothing budget.

Mr. Cole and his companions have naturally viewed this situation with a considerable amount of well-bred alarm. At the same time, they have not

fashions by

JOHN NORTHWAY

(Continued on next page)

REVOLUTION (Continued from Page 40)

started to fan the flames of the spin revolution has tremendously, but they would fan them out. For "new men" show in front of a mirror and he will prove himself. Across the same man of being curiously interested in "fashion" and he will head for the soap brush like a frightened jack rabbit.

Nevertheless, there have been periods during the past two years when it has been impossible to obtain men's shirts of certain pastel shades because demand has so greatly exceeded supply. The American man has been on what — for him, at least — has amounted to a "rag" as far as fancy wear, oversized jewelry, walking shorts and something called the "Natural Look" are concerned.

This "Natural Look" is a synthesis of many trends, some old, some new. The average man was once almost as interested in men's fashions as he was in the selection of the newcomer to the Dallas Llama. But, different times, different clothes.

The phrase, "Natural Look," covers almost as much territory as the Union of Sovietistic Soviet Republics. It was embodied in the Ivy League suit, circa 1915, which had a three button jacket, minus padding in the shoulders, with narrow-legged trousers minus front pleats. It has long been the uniform of eastern university students and good men, but it had to be modified to meet national acceptance.

It could not be worn nationally until men began bragging about their diets. Guys who were spreading avaricious plumes of padding in the shoulders to add width and double breasted jackets to camouflage girth. Even today, the average American male insists on some padding in the shoulders of his single breasted suit, although the amount of padding is negligible when compared with the more popular "drape shape." The "Natural Look," then, runs basically with a three button, single breasted suit, slightly padded in the shoulders, slightly tapered in the trousers, and generally dark in shade.

This reliance on "charcoal ink" is only simply come, to use the vernacular, that men have decided that there is something "man" about a close trimmed suit in a dark shade of gray, brown or even green. It has had increasing influence on everything else a man wears.

A group of men, all dressed in dark suits, white shirts and plain ties would represent nothing more nor less than the popular conception of an underclass' convention. Shirts, therefore, have changed both in color and collar.

In color, pink had its heyday and is still strong as a "BB's" firm in men's

wardrobes. Light purple, called "belle-troupe" or "mauve" by manufacturers and retailers who felt that "lavender" was a very wordy run fast and hard faded color. Light green came up, under the generic term "mint" given it by those who felt that the name "green" might have false connotations. Mild variations of pink, blue, gray, yellow, tan and orange are in the picture, although you might have difficulty in recognizing any of them under such advertised names as "driping," "cream," "van," "My," "cognac," "granite" or "velvet."

Men have discovered that a collar style can accomplish a useful camouflage job. The man with the narrow face and long, thin neck has found that a round point, short collar, riding high on his neck and fastened below the necktie knot with a pin, will remove his oversized Adam's Apple from public view. The man with the round face and broad neck has realized to a collar which slopes perceptibly from back to front, with collar points spread farther apart than normal, which has the effect of making his neck look less like a hot freeway. There are, in short, collar styles designed to bring out the best and conceal the worst in every man's face and neck.

Single breasted charcoal toned suits and smaller collars on pastel shirts have influenced neckties. Wide cravats, with huge floral designs, and in large "flashed" prints, have given way to narrow ties in "text" patterns. Normally, these patterns are small and inconspicuous, with the background of the tie picking up and accenting the shade of the suit, and the design picking up the shade of the shirt.

So far, we have been tame, but not bold. That's where the matter of jewelry has come in. Tie pins have become flashpans and the double, or "French" cuff shirt has become increasingly popular so that more men would have a chance for wearing oversized cuff links. Pins and links have included everything in their designs from bicyclics meaning "I love you" to life sized replicas of beards and some precious stones half the size of a walnut.

As men's shoulders have narrowed, so have his brains. You can be purchased which pick up the color of suit, shirt and tie. These are dark, with a new emphasis on conflict which substitutes maximum styling for the old slogan that hard up the front.

In smaller towns where everybody knows the president of the firm down to the newest sweepstake get to and from work in a matter of minutes, sport shirts are being worn to business. Some

men make concessions in the past by sporting "convertible" collars, with which a shirt can be worn if necessary. Even the term, "sport shirt," seems to be a misnomer, since many more of them are being worn around the house and other than are worn by men engaged in sports.

Today, the number of men who own or rent houses of their own is astronomically high compared with any period in our history. Unfortunately, the hourly wages that must be paid to often men who paint houses, lay lawns, take care of lawns, even lawns, repair leaky plumbing and so on and so forth are also astronomically high. ("Do-it-yourself") has therefore become the order of the day and night for millions of new owners.

These recruits are busy. They want to wear something wearable that will be practical for lawnmowing and still not look disreputable to near white flopping in a lawn chair, waiting for the truck to haul on the back yard grill. They want something halfway between old fashioned work clothing and modern sports apparel, and they are finding it in increasing supply — shirts and slacks and slacks, reinforced with rivets and made with extra pockets here and there to hold screw drivers, hammers, extra sockets and empty martini glasses.

There is also the matter of shirts versus slacks. For years, it has been said that the Great Lord must have been looking the other way when the dark leaved the mountain kowtow and log. Nevertheless, men's shirts — "walking," "domestic" and when have you — seem here to stay. They still are, it is generally agreed, acceptable for business wear or entrance into the better taverns for a long time to come. However, in suburban communities, country clubs and resorts, they now threaten to become the rule rather than the exception when the days are hot.

Even in his intimate apparel, home options is going in for the unusual. Polyester gaily impregnated with gorgeous colors and set lips, with hearts or with female puppets dancing on strings and other unusual themes are selling faster than they can be produced. Underwear shirts patterned with anything from red cars to designs that have to be peddled from under the counter are hot sellers.

There are a lot of the changes that have manifested themselves in men's apparel. Of course, no small part of the credit must be given to the feminine influence. Men'swear manufacturers, bewitched or misled, are showing women in much of their advertising, often coupled with a not too subtle appeal

(Continued on Page 42)



"When we finish these, it will be time for before-dinner drinks."



contained everywhere, it can still be found—

if you want to lose your mind

ABSINTHE WITHOUT LEAVE

Last month we saw in the States was drawn from Orleans was. It had originally been made in Switzerland, was 100 proof and said for was hundred dollars the. That was before the war, when the dollar had buying power.

There are those who would say it was worth it.

And there are those who would say anyone stupid enough to put away absinthe ought to be put away himself for his own good.

It makes for quite a controversy. Ernest Hemingway, a lad who has the reputation of having sucked on a few bottles in his day, gives the green light to the green stuff. Remember Robert Jordan and his "mule drink" in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*? On the other hand, Percy Wren who wrote *From Girls and a Book of Other Foreign Liquors* words are it is a different light. In fact, according to Wren, it was absinthe that drove the Legionnaires to combat, a down mental collapse hard of necessity, but not the green liquor.

But the dividing vote was cast by Uncle Sam who, in the back in 1912, passed laws against its consumption or even its importation. Guess under the head of narcotics, was Uncle.

Let's start at the beginning. Your average encyclopedia will give you something like this on *absinthifera* *hera* liquor distilled from wormwood and other aromatic, including angelica root, mountain rose, star anise, and chamomile, which have been macerated and steeped in alcohol. Excessive consumption of absinthe affects the digestive organs and nerve centers and may

produce delirium and epilepsy. Its manufacture and sale were prohibited by Switzerland (1908) and France (1915), formerly the chief producers.

Which tells some of the story, but not all of it. It was through no mistake that absinthe was once the most popular liquor in the world.

For absinthe makes the heart grow fonder; makes getting high, higher. True enough, if you put it away by the bottle, day after day, you'll wind up with much more your brain used to be, which happened to famed French artist Toulouse-Lautrec. He should have known better. Absinthe should be treated with respect.

It's the wormwood that makes the difference between absinthe and such imitations as Pernod, Brager and Harbinette. And there are those who claim it's possible to produce your own wormwood at the corner drug store and dose up Pernod to make it the real stuff. And the answer is that if you didn't get the right dosage you'd probably wind up in the rat factory that makes the answer.

Wormwood oil, derived from the aromatic *absinthifera* plant, is the ingredient which places absinthe head and shoulders above all other alcoholic beverages when it comes to pure effect. And it's also the ingredient that scares your muscles, gives them. Used since ancient times as an insect repellent and until fairly recently for intestinal worms and other medicinal purposes, it has a very bitter taste which helps in recognizing real absinthe from its imitations.

Which brings us to the taste of the stuff.

Absinthe isn't the kind of tipple usually taken to right off-hand by the American drinker. For one thing, it's impossible to take straight unless you've got a real long tummy. It runs 140 proof and up, which makes it almost twice as strong as blended whiskey.

By the time you've diluted it down it's changed from emerald-green to kind of a milky appearance and tastes particularly of ash. If you don't know what ash is like, go to the nearest liquor store and get a bottle of Anisette or Pernod. You'll notice an immediate difference between absinthe and your usual joy juice when it hits bottom. A soothing warmth spreads right on through in a manner probably never contemplated by the God Eater when he was dreaming up alcohol.

There's more than one way of taking the green liquor. The most usual is to put an ounce or so in a glass and slowly drip water into it, the slower the better, until you have from six to ten parts of water to one of absinthe.

The Spaniards, whose secret touch is involved even in their liquoring, go into more of a production. They put a lump of sugar in a spoon and drip cold water over it until the sugar is completely melted away. However, for the American palate the stuff is sweet enough as it comes.

In the old days, when New Orleans was the absinthe imbuing center of the western hemisphere, it made itself felt in local cocktails. The famous

(Continued on Page 44)



RAINY DAY

no weather is inclement if the girl is pretty enough

Watching a gray sky through streaming windows one recent day, *Escapade* noted, philosophically, that into each life some rain must fall. And, naturally, that led to the question, "What does a pretty girl do on a rainy day?" Throwing our vast research facilities into the project of finding out, we came up with the answer, complete with pictorial proof of its correctness.





First, just like anyone else, a pretty girl wakes on a rainy day just like she wakes on a sunny day. But, unlike shoe clerks, mechanics and magazine editors, she doesn't have to venture outside. Instead, she sensibly stays inside where it's warm and cozy and the waves won't come out of her hair. She performs a few perfunctory exercises, to get the blood stirring; dawdles around with toothbrush and coffeepot, and reads and relaxes until the sun comes out. Then, and only then, does she bound into the sun-filled patio and breathe deeply and happily of the rain-washed air. If the sun stays put, she may complete her dressing and venture forth in search of fun and light-hearted adventure. Or she may not, according to her mood.







One thing we learned: many of the irksome rules and regulations that guide the lives of most of us do not apply to girls, if they're pretty enough. We thought of this as we plodded home through the rain, water trickling down inside our collar and squishing in our shoes.





"Leaving already, Mr. Griffith? The fun hasn't started yet!"



*"...er...ah...you got home early, dear. How nice...
this is Miss Kramish. Goodnight, Miss Kramish..."*



"Making out? Or is she like her mother?"

FIRST FIRES

(Continued from Page 42)

"You're going to go, New. You're not staying tonight, huh?" Then she turned her back and lit a cigarette.

It was the first time I could remember her saying my name.

In the poker mirror, I could see her standing smoking in the next room, her face still and placid, her drained of all warmth. The rest of it rushed together in my mind. I had gone back and said goodbye and she had kissed me. Then I was in the hallway and starting down the stairs and she had said something. It was said softly and I didn't hear it distinctly. She sounded like, "Can you find your way?"

So here we were, Inge and I, frozen like the instant, waiting for my answer in the representative light of this little hallway in Denmark.

Out on the waterfront, singular with circling in the quiet harbor rules and in a little while I knew I would be on the Rindøerne watching them. There would be nothing to remember her by, no picture or handkerchief or glove, just an address scribbled in Danish and some memories that would vanish slowly like the light of an old man.

So I turned around and looked at her once more, framed in the graceful streaming light that washed from her doorway. It traced a pattern in her

hair, flowed to her shoulders, around her body and pinned a long blue silhouette on the floor.

Out beyond the timeless day, a strata, bound for the continents, wafted back in hoarse cry. Life drifted away unseen, like a plume of white smoke, a whisper trail of cloud.

And I said, "Yes, Inge."



NOBILITY

(Continued from Page 43)

our wing from Marie's hand, you can see and return by means of."

The Count did not know how long it took him to reach the end of the plateau. A compass finally descended in desperation, and through the haze of dust and evening mist, the Count could distinguish the palace, the magnolia and pepper trees, and finally, vineyards. The Count felt no joy, no relief, only the texture of his legs. His feet were swollen, and his ankles and toes were raw. He could no longer speak, for his lips had blistered. His swollen gaze the first house, shivering with snow.

Marie helped him through a gate. The Count was at the end of his strength, but he could still discern sounds — blossoming flowers? It was almost dark when they entered a portal and a door. Marie's hand was constantly on his arm now, helping up a

flight of stairs, along a balcony and down again.

Marie led him into a tiled park. "We are reaching the mine, Inge."

The Count revived, his lips forming a question, "What, Marie?" Now the Count fell on his knees, bowed himself up, fell again, until Marie helped him to his feet. Now Marie's hands were at the Count's head, pinning. The Count opened his eyes. He saw a low fountain, with water trickling into a marble basin. "You are looking at the wine, Inge?"

For a fraction of a second, the Count stared at his guide.

"Drink it and you will see."

The Count, all agony, crawled toward the fountain. As he knelt, his lips touched water, but his head was close to the water now. He began to drink, to drink and drink, to take long draughts and short draughts, and as he sat up this wonderful wisdom, it seemed like all the Rindøerne and Samsøer and Chiemsee rolled into one extraordinary vintage.

Now Marie drank, too, then called out, "Is it not like my description? Light, dry, with nobility?" And when the Count nodded across the fountain, Marie exclaimed, "There! Now I will let you have our Rindøer Marie El wine!"

And there was Marie's brow, round hand again, eagerly holding a glass toward him.



ATTENTION COLLEGIANS:

Entries will be accepted for *Esopade's* Creative Writing Contest for Collegians through the month of November. Entries postmarked later than midnight, November 30, will not be accepted, under the Contest Rules.

1. Any bona fide student at a college or university in the continental United States is eligible. *Nova de phone* cannot be used.
2. Articles or fiction may be submitted, not to exceed 2000 words in length.
3. Monthly winners will be published through March, 1977. A prize of \$100 will be paid to each monthly winner.
4. A Grand Prize of \$500 will be paid to the author of the best story or article published during the six months of the Contest.
5. Only one manuscript may be submitted by each entrant in the Contest.
6. All entries must be mailed to Collegiate Writing Contest, *Esopade* Magazine, Suite 201-202, 5511 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 96, California.

The Editors of *Esopade* are the sole judges of entries, which should be mailed toward the *Esopade* Contest. While *Esopade's* editors are responsible for submitted manuscripts, entries will be returned provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope is included with each submission.



"Swallowing and your *Esopade* Contest entry, Rollmeyer!"

E s c a p a d e ' s

NOTICE

The selection of items described in these pages was made with the understanding that they are available in stock in order to check and ensure orders should not be sent to us, but direct to the manufacturer or distributor.



WIDE WATON STRAP

Something new in leather watch straps is the Dialer, which fits in the wrist perfectly, and looks. Put it on or take it off quickly. Expands to fit over any hand, large, thin, thick, longer, gives more comfort. Great quality leathers and expert workmanship. Easily attached to any watch. Available in silk, nylon or English leather at \$10.00, nylon at \$14.00. Postpaid shipments. The Dialer Co., Dept. 102, 200 Rogers Ave., Jersey City 3, N. J.



POCKET ALARM WATCH

A pocket alarm watch makes a useful gift for any man. This alarm clock watch can be set on the quarter hour, ring with a sharp, clear tone. Built around its form a stand, makes watch double as a desk or night table clock. Expensive dial and hands, the makes this item double for business as a timepiece. Engaged and reliable, there's a watch that will get you up in time to catch an early train or party train. \$12.50 postpaid, from Pocket Alarm, Dept. 102, 200 Post Ave., New York 11, N. Y.



RUSHING ALARM

Alarm clocking equipment just "round in the hand" some alarm clock. Displays and projects up to 5 volts of any type. Springs rubber band pressure made from wrapping or taking out. Metal grey felt back. Built all steel, brass, plugs. In colored display. Large accuracy alarm for your. etc. Used in many jobs in many times, night, or day. Display (clock, 10" x 10"). \$12.50, express charge collect, or \$15.00 in 10 days, from the Field Alarm, North Conway, N. H.

STORYVILLE

(Continued from Page 48)

engaged a few brass and string music. One and failed there as The Rummy Dance Square Band. When the personnel of the original Spania Band protested, soon going as far as to throw bricks through the dance hall windows, Robinson changed the name to The Rummy Dance Jazz Band.

The word didn't catch on, however, until the summer of 1915 when Tom Brown's Band from Dickinson was booked into the Leland's Cafe in Chicago. The music was well received by the public, but rival club owners definitely called it "jazz music," leading to those that it was vulgar and not so good after. Brown decided to cash in on the word-of-mouth publicity and promptly changed the center's name to Brown's Dickinson Jazz Band. Brown From New Orleans. In 1917 the band was reorganized, and as the Original Dickinson Jazz Band, moved into Robinson's Restaurant at Columbus Circle in New York, where it was an instant smash hit.

The ODJB signed a recording contract right away, and it proved a business for the five Dickinsons and the American-Vocaton combine that issued the discs. The group's inaugural record sold more than a million copies, probably more because of its promotion as a novelty player than for any other reason. Here's the way an old record catalogue describes *Blue's* the Blues, one of the ODJB's early records: "This is about the wildest jazz ever heard. It starts in tempo it begins in the middle and finishes at the start - if you get out listening but all through this melody, the fundamental beat is kept going so that the dancers will be kept happy."

Goodrich LaRocca, composer who formed the band, designated the ODJB's blues as the acceptance of its offerings by the public, as a "revolution in heart-throat time." "Jazz" had become just improved, more sophisticated music was out of the woods.

Hearing of the ODJB's reception in the hinterlands, Storyville jammer many of whom were out of work be-

cause of the settlement's official dissolution the same year, began a general search from New Orleans. Jelly Roll Morton covered the Gold Coast, but most of his competition went North to St. Louis and Chicago. Fats Waller's orchestra, band even some supper as far as Pittsburgh in 1919, including in its personnel a young Louis Armstrong.

Word from the bandstand and the beer parlor, the jazz group was spread far and wide. In Dubuque, a local named Lyons (Dix) Whitehouse hung around the brass, listening to the jitters of the riverboats. In Chicago, a group of youngsters from Austin High School spent long hours copying on their instruments what they heard through the walls of the first Dickinson records. New Orleans jazz had come to be a local phenomenon.

For those who like their jazz straight from its source, New Orleans early has perhaps lost a masterpiece of its former glory. The whorehouse of Basin Street, have been torn down. So has the old 22 Club where Joe Oliver

EMPORIUM



MINIATURE GUN RACK

The smart hunter displays his guns, his jewelry, and his trophies, by looking up the "dangling gun." This handy, solid gun rack holds all types of modern or antique guns, displays it guns in a horizontal position, and has a large drawer with lock, for hold things, cleaning guns, pieces, etc. Some dry materials such and the drawers. Size is 24" x 28" x 13 1/2". Select beauty piece in a finish of maple, mahogany, or a suitable heavy wood. Price is \$13.95, express charges collect. See in our June, for \$11.95, postpaid from Field House, North Canton, N. H.



ANALOG LIGHTER

Fashion war goes, but this is a hot item. Winner of a Gold Medal Award for consumer products at the Luxembourg International Fair, the Analog Lighter works on a different principle. No flint, no wheel, no battery, no moving parts! It turns of the hand and it's hot! Simply remove the lighter cap, exposing the platinum and silver filament to air, and **ANALOG LIGHTER** special fluid lights in a clear blue flame. \$3.95, complete with fluid and extra refills from the Fueler Co., 1714 Madison Ave., Green Bay, Wis.



NEW RECORD HOLDER

Where do you store your high school football record? The **Record Holder** is a frame of your player's All these can cause warping, and warped pictures cannot produce good record. New collectible record brought from collectible holder over 200 records available. Modular design, adjustable, collection into 10 compartments. Records constructed 20" x 22" x 18", \$9.95 with order, shipping charges collect. See in the June in the store. Order from **Record Holder**, Box 1000, Dept. 411, Philadelphia, Pa.

blended his entrance into Storyville in challenge the reign of Freddie (King) Kippard, Calhoun and bookie-truck, bordelhouse and beauty house. Once green away to a new era and even the blue and gray sidewalk tiles, once a landmark in "Tom Anderson's County," have been removed in favor of more conventional thoroughfares.

But tradition dies hard. In today's French Quarter they still play good jazz, much of the best of it parveyed along Bourbon Street by Sambo Peters, George Lewis, Sharkey Roman and Alvin Thompson. In all, there are speeches of fifty known names in the jazz world who still live in or who have returned to the city whose music they helped to develop. Storyville is dead, but its music has made its way out from that room to a position of international recognition as our country's lone artistic contribution to the 20th.

BLONDES VS. GENTLEMAN

(Continued from Page 14)

her urge "love." Her actions with a heart of the moment, despite majority male opinion to the contrary, do not necessarily jeopardize the affection she looks for the man-in-the-late.

The popular intelligence of the region and that of every woman, for whom rules are made only to be broken, tells them with devastating logic that there is no necessary connection between sex and love; sex is one thing and love is another, although they may go together, like beer and eggs.

Women are aware that there's no and gentlemen, and women possess the same awareness. The gentleman superficially (indeed we understand this myth, even though all the evidence is to the contrary, and is loaded with self-pity over what he describes as "unskilled sex" on the part of his beloved).

The gentleman has got to learn that women are not goddesses, but human

beings. He's got to start thinking in terms of biology and function, rather than in terms of poetic idealization.

Most important, he has to develop a new code, devoid of hypocrisy.

In other words, he's got to start using the rapier.

When he does, he'll discover that all of the advantages in the battle of the sexes favor him.

And, if there remains in his mind some lingering scruple, he has only to look up to the simple truth: Women don't want to be goddesses. They want to be women.

As we said at the start of this essay, we might as well face it, fellows. The truth is now and for a long time past has been that blondes (or brunettes or redheads) do not necessarily prefer gentlemen.



that a woman run his head up to show and sparkle like a jewel, but ruin the effect. If the man accompanies her, her looks like a shab. The fact that women have taken to wearing "man-colored" suits and skirts, men's shirts and sport shirts, and even men's pajama tops, has undoubtedly made them more conscious of men's apparel.

This, then, is the outline of the minor revolution which has more men increased in their own fashions than have been interested in shoes within the memories of the nation's sartorial manufacturers and retailers. The industry is in many respects a conservative unit, and under normal circumstances could be relied upon to hold its breath and wait for these trends to grow and flourish of their own accord.

However, it is troubled by facts and figures, and disturbed by memories. It has long remembered with horror the scene in the movie, "It Happened One Night," in which Clark Gable removed his shirt and revealed the fact that he wore no undershirt. The sale of undershirts took a nose-dive from which complete recovery never has been made. Conversely, today men are usually going bare-chested and asking for apparel items they have never worn by male and adolescent men.

While fashions are generally better

than it has been for a long time, and men's fashions are more interesting to more people than ever before, the industry is disturbed by the fact that out of every consumer dollar spent in this country, the percentage spent on men's and boys' apparel has been declining. General figures may look good, the statistics say, but only because population and income have been increasing. Actual analysis, shoe sold, height indicate that the number of coats, hats, shirts and socks sold per capita each year is declining. More suits may be sold in suits, but the average man owns less suits than formerly.

This was what led the National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furriers, which has a membership of several thousand men's wear retailers from all parts of the country, to sponsor the movement that resulted in the formation of the American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear. The latter is a cooperative group including textile mills, menswear manufacturers, retailers and allied groups, pledged to contribute a very small percentage of annual sales to a common fund which will be spent on make men even more interested in what they wear and thus, of course, capture a larger share of that elusive consumer dollar.

Although the male peasant, human variety, is undoubtedly spreading his tail by exhibiting a tendency toward gravity in his apparel, it is still a partial and not a complete revolution. In the women's fashion field, an idea starting in Paris, New York or California can make, within a matter of weeks, the obsolescence of much of the wardrobe of every woman in the country. In the men's apparel field, on the other hand, a "fad hoc" item or trend may mean that after a considerable period of time there is nothing new even of the male population has been affected from a very mild to a full degree.

In men's shirts, for example, more white than colored shirts are still being sold, even though the percentage of white has decreased. In the past and was they are sold with soft collars in the midwest and south with a "fused" collar which simulates pressure's stiff collar in appearance. They still wear large-brimmed hats in the west and southwest, and plenty of double-breasted suits are being sold everywhere.

But changes definitely are being made. If you're a man and you haven't done anything about it, or a woman whose husband needs a jewel, the idea is to try being so, just a bit at first, to see what happens. Your best bet is to place yourself (or your husband) in the hands of a reliable menswear retailer. He's a specialist who cannot risk his own reputation by leading down any man with more color or style than he feels that man can safely carry.

I ought to know. I've been associated with the menswear business for a long time. Those colored and fancy shirts have been growing in popularity for a couple of years but only recently did I gather up the courage to try some myself — and I love them wholesale. First time I looked in the mirror, it came as a distinct shock. Hey, you know what? After a couple of hours I found out what my wife has known for years — that adding a touch of color gave me a lift, and brought with it a tendency to make me I was standing straight and walking with my shoulders back and my stomach in.

First thing you know, I was thinking about my waistline and whether it was doing justice to my new single-breasted suit. Next thing I was thinking about Ross and Gable and Cooper, and the fact that I don't have nearly as many grey hairs as they do. And last thing you know, it seemed to me that my wife and daughter, and maybe even the girls in the office, were looking at me with a little more interest.



Escapade's Choicest

Any magazine can put together an annual edition, of course. But only *Escapade* is in a position to publish the bright and sparkling collection of exciting fiction, quickly articles, colorful photographs and laugh-provoking cartoons contained in *Escapade's Choicest*, a big and beautiful book new to your collection. *Escapade's Choicest* is chock-full of those fabulous features which are famous during the last year by *Escapade* throughout the country. If you're an *Escapade* fan, you can't afford to miss *Escapade's Choicest*!

Don't be "behind the times," Read *Escapade's*!

Sassaparilla, supposedly one of those secret French-made drinks and only to be found in its true form in the late-harvested Sassaparilla Bar, was actually nothing but an Old-fashioned, rum drink, and with a splash of absinthe. The Sassaparilla Bar firmly closed its doors last, the cocktail can still be found across the street at the Roseville Road. It's not the same, though, not even the Roseville has real absinthe any more.

Whiskey isn't the only potable that blends well with the green stuff. A martini, or for that matter almost any gin drink, isn't harmed at all by a few drops of absinthe.

And, if a frappe sounds like a ladies' drink to you, you'll change your mind

if you take a whole glass of finely chopped ice and pour an ounce of two of straight absinthe over it. A very little of this sort of treatment brings you to the point of not caring whether or not it's absinthe.

We know by this time you've developed a serious twitch. You can't wait to give it a whiff. Only once or twice, you assure yourself. Maybe, you're not a smoker, you're not going to wind up like poor Toulouse-Lautrec and fifty million other Frenchmen who used to put the stuff away by the tank car before the last chaotic dawn.

Well, gentlemen, the cheaper, way we know for you to give it a try is to take a Greek Line ship to England,

then an Orient Line ship to Gibraltar, whence you can take the ferry to Tangier, in the International Zone of Morocco. When the ferry docks, take a taxi to Ben's bar, where a frappe will set you back twenty cents. Total cost, \$178.68. You could cut out the taxi, but otherwise we don't see how you could beat this record.

The line firms at the travel agency from the right. But don't say we didn't warn you. Tangier is about the only place in the world where you can buy absinthe at any bar, or by the bottle in any liquor store. The stuff is illegal in every country that has laws — and for good reason.



THADEUS THAYER

(Continued from Page 37)

you this evening but she has suffered a most grievously sprained ankle. He also asked that I inform you that she considers you one of the sweetest boys at the Clover Mills High School."

It can be said of the young man who delivered the above address that he was a neat dresser and straight-forward boy, truly a sterling lad.

"Tell Sonia that I hope her sprained ankle will mend rapidly and that she may keep it bandaged most carefully . . . And my heartfelt thanks to you, Thadeus, for conveying these several messages. It can truly be said for you that you are a sterling lad."

Needless to say, Thadeus was disheveled and dampened to learn of the unfortunate event which had incapacitated his companion for the evening. But he was of a genuinely sympathetic nature and felt great compassion and human sorrow at Sonia's unhappy situation. In addition, and here he must be forgiven by dint of his youth and impulsiveness, he had taken rather poorly under the spell of the glowing machine owned by Farnwick. Nottingham's poppy, and it seemed, presently, to have crawled all the from his mind.

Thadeus, though compelled to attend the performance without the pleasure of Sonia's bright company, did enjoy the Midway Singer most thoroughly. Heine Scheide, the bass back and baritone director at the Mill Valley Academy, sang the lead and his heavy German accent lent a note of authenticity to the presentation without which it would have been the less imposing.

Walking back along the Old Mill

Road, Thadeus seized a motor vehicle ahead of him and drinking some passing automobilists to be in danger, hastened to find if he might render some useful assistance.

"Hello!" shouted he upon reaching the closed windows of the conveyance. No one answered but he could distinctly hear someone moaning and groaning and now, triumphantly certain that something was amiss, opened the door.

There, on the black leather seat of the rear compartment, sat Sonia. Her hair was greatly disheveled and back her state and intimate garments lay in a crumpled heap on the floor. Farnwick, who sat at her side, was as in a state of stupor as was she.

"What is it?" Sonia queried in a heightened whisper. Then, "Oh, Thadeus, it's you . . . Please, dear Thadeus, I know what you must be thinking, but do not allow your will to gain a wrought impression. Though the situation does appear compromising, I was but innocently showing Farnwick my sprained ankle."

"Oh," sighed Thadeus relievedly. Farnwick stirred, glaring hatefully.

TIMELY TALENT

What fun-loving muses
Are modern young spouses
Who share shady parties
In midnight houses

Rich Feyman

"Been showing any spiffballs at Ben's lately?" he softly interrogated.

This obvious statement went ungloriously unnoticed by Thadeus, who meanwhile had allowed his eyes to slide from the fair form and smiling, guile and evident charms of Sonia Southworth as he noticed again the shiny black buttons. Reminiscenced as before, he began to count them aloud.

Sonia parried on Farnwick to help her dress her, at the touch of these same and willing bodies, the second was his lip.

"12, 13, 14," counted Thadeus.

"Oh, Farnwick," whispered Sonia. "You have such strong yet tender hands."

"15, 16, 17," tilted Thadeus.

Sonia's arms were about Farnwick's neck, her soft nose brushed against his cheek. "Oh, Farnwick, you're one of the taken and sweetest boys at the Clover Mills High School."

"18, 19, 20," reckoned Thadeus.

"Sonia, I did this just to get even with Thadeus about that spiffball — but now — Gen. Sonia, you are a capital young lady!"

"Fudge for the spiffballs," grunted Sonia passionately. "I don't care if you think that old scoundrel of his skin next time."

"21, 22, 23," counted Thadeus. "Get golly, 24 shiny black buttons. That is a genuine number that no Hamlet's curry." He turned and left, walking happily along the Old Mill Road toward Clover Mills. "Somebody'll have an even like that," he resolved. "Shiny black buttons all over — inside and out!"



SNAKE EYES (Continued from Page 21)

hanging trouble lining up all the cars and had his cuped mouth whorled at in a line.

Timidly, Otto tapped Bill's shoulder. "I think he's," he said.

Absorbed in his typing, Bill said, "Goodman ribbons' frayed. This computer's got to tell that."

"I want you to do me something," Otto implored.

"The open my station," Bill parried. "I'm kopyin' smokes. Maybe you got me, right?"

"Good?" Otto said thankfully. He withdrew a pack of Pall Mall. "Take the pack," he offered.

Bill lit one and sat back on heels. "What's worryin' you?"

"I got over to ask. He got mad but think it over," Otto mellowed. "I want you to take the mother-in-law to Armand's for weekend pass."

Bill asked, "Is she a hooker?"

"Most beautiful," Otto said. "Looks younger than my wife sometimes. You know I marry Lissi when she was sixteen only. Two months after the mother-in-law came to live by us. I think," continued Otto, and he lowered his voice and looked alarmed at the thought overcame him. "I think that maybe she is not the mother-in-law. I think Lissi lost my dad."

"Why?" said Bill.

Otto shook his head. He was on the verge of tears. "You know I marry Lissi because she have no home. I take her in to help me with the dogs. She is very good with sick dogs. She is hungry, no shoes, and she runs from the Russians. Schmidt she came over. We got marry and everything private. Two months after comes the mother-in-law. Now Lissi gives no damn for the dogs. Every night she go out with the mother-in-law. Sometimes they bring soldiers to the house. Lissi she is big again, and Chervonary, I don't know who father. Me or GI. You got to help me make mother-in-law go," he pleaded.

"I don't like to mix in family business," said Bill. "I got my feelings about things like this." He began fiddling with the open line.

"I can't take care of all these babies," Otto whined. "If this goddam Occupation don't end soon I got to feed half the people in Hunsdorf."

"If I take her to Armand, how does that get out of her?" Bill asked.

"Armand on Russian Zone border. Take her to the Russians. They give you good price for her."

"How much you think she's worth?"

"Two, three hundred Mark maybe. You keep all the money. Who knows, you dress her up in nylon stockings and new braes, she bring 300

Mark."

"Okay," said Bill. "I'll come and haul her Sunday." He turned back to his typing. Otto examined his thumbs and bitched off. Before he got to the door Bill called after him.

"What you say her name was?"

"Editha."

"Specified 'Twent," repeated Bill, and he began to type himself a citation for wounds received and service rendered in the Battle of Chancellorsville.

On Saturday Bill Hoffman borrowed a jeep and rode into the village. On the way, beside him was a package containing a pair of nylon, a lipstick and a braesette. He pulled up before Otto's house in a cloud of dust and banged the hood.

True to time to the door, behind him his kid wife, big with child, grinned deceptively at him.

"The client ready?" said Bill.

"He say she don't go," Otto said, smiling.

"Why not?"

"This week she don't go with GIs."

"Tell her I brought nylon and a braesette and was just and all."

"It make no damn to her. She say she don't go."

"Well then I guess the deal is off," said Bill. "I guess there's nothing I can say to make her change her mind." He turned to go.

"Don't go," Bill. Otto pleaded.

"Maybe she change her mind. Yesterday she go with three different GI. You talk to her."

"I ain't ain't to make her love me," said Bill. "She's got to come willing. I'm not havin' any Articles of War."

"Please," Otto implored.



"I guess that explains it pretty well, but, personally I prefer the unexpurgated version."

"Nops," Bill said finally, and he went out of the house.

Before he boarded the jeep a voice called him from an upstairs window.

"Hey, Sergeant," it said maliciously.

Bill turned and looked up. Blood and rainwater-stained, the stained and splattered on the sill.

"Didn't I meet you in Frankfurt?" she said.

"I don't reckon so," said Bill.

"You sure positive we met somewhere in Frankfurt. At the John Club maybe?"

"I don't get to Frankfurt much," Bill said.

"You're not going that way, are you?" she said. She pointed in the direction of the Camp.

"Maybe I am."

"Take me up, sister?"

Bill nodded and Editha flew downstairs. Before Otto had a chance to introduce her formally she was in the jeep.

In the station Bill turned to her and asked, "Was Otto's mother-in-law?"

"Yes."

"You don't look like no mother-in-law."

"You think so?"

They rode along silently and Bill said, "I thought you didn't associate with my club."

"You suggest, sister?"

"No, I'm the company commander."

"Then give me no more job now."

"You Otto's mother-in-law?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Okay," said Bill. "I'm on my way to Armand. You can come along if you want to."

"No, no, no," she protested. "That near Russian Zone. I Greek girl. They look for me because my father he was

(Continued on next page)



for the man who has everything...

or nothing

... Or even the man in between. Solve several of your Christmas gift problems simply and easily (we run a time-and-motion study on this) by filling out the coupons on this page and enclosing the proper check or money order. We'll do the rest, assuring your favored gifties of 12 months (or 24) of highly enjoyable reading. We'll also send them a handsome card, designed in the ESCAPADE manner, informing them of the gift and the giver. No strain, no pain, starting with the January, 1987, issue.

ESCAPADE, Suite 305-310, 8511 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California



Please send ESCAPADE to:

Name _____
 Address _____
 City and state number _____
 State _____
 One year ☐ \$8.00 Two years ☐ \$16
 Signed _____
 Address _____
 City and State _____

Name _____
 Address _____
 City and state number _____
 State _____
 One year ☐ \$5.50 Two years ☐ \$10
 Signed _____
 Address _____
 City and State _____

Name _____
 Address _____
 City and state number _____
 State _____
 One year ☐ \$5.50 Two years ☐ \$10
 Signed _____
 Address _____
 City and State _____

Name _____
 Address _____
 City and state number _____
 State _____
 One year ☐ \$5.50 Two years ☐ \$10
 Signed _____
 Address _____
 City and State _____

*For
Escapades Only...*

...an exclusive, exciting,
highly provocative and very beautiful
Christmas present that
is sure to make its recipient the talk
—and the toast—of his pals and gals.
We can't say too much about it;
like all nice Yuletide
things, it's in the nature
of a surprise. You'll
discover it when you open
the pages of your Gals
Holiday Escapade next month.
And enjoy it
throughout
1951!

*We have
more fun playing
Rasta Clout!*

and in this sparkling issue:

*a scandinavian idyl
a chat with escapade's tobacco road girl
a visit to bandy storyville*

Escapade

NOVEMBER, 1955

50 CENTS



In This Issue:

DO BLONDES REALLY
PREFER GENTLEMEN?

A PARISIAN INTERLUDE

star of the show

Interviewers fanned to Los Angeles KGBN-Channel 15 one room, creating just through the wire presentation of one of our favorite humorists, Dr. Martin L. Klein, a fifteen-minute comedy on *Escapade*ism. Dr. Klein, guessing on the popular Tom Suggs Show, is, as most *Escapade*ers know, no fool, making a nice living by being funny for money. In this instance, Dr. Klein thoughtfully reinforced his offering by bringing to the studio the very lovely Marguerite Espey, found in song and story among *Escapade*ers everywhere. Dr. Klein was his usual funny self; Marguerite was her usual shimmering self (in shewtastic), and *Escapade* was its usual self, too — the star of the show.

Judging from audience reaction, *Escapade*ism promises to transcend Existentialism as the dominant philosophy of the day. The attention *Escapade* continues to attract at the request of the nation tends to bear out this promise.

Well, when you've got a dominant philosophy by the tail, you've also got responsibility. And responsibility is *Escapade*'s meat. For example, even the Table of Contents (opposite page) of this issue, we consider this morning our responsibility in a big, big way!

To begin with, there's our featured James Wahl's awesome and tender short story, "Take Me Home To Paris," a really beautiful piece, which

renders us all the happier to report that Mr. Wahl has joined the editorial staff of the New Publishing Company, which is *Escapade*'s proud parent. Mr. Wahl (we call him Bert) is a young man with an astounding background as fiction writer, foreign news correspondent with six years' experience abroad, feature writer for the *New York Times* (one of the first publications to run a free plug in this magazine), and editor of a number of national magazines. We like him; we're sure all *Escapade*ers will, too.

Russell Lake, who has been a frequent contributor to *Escapade*, also plays regularly for the women-bundled man game in a thought-provoking essay titled "Blondie Don't Remember Me for Goodness." Russell roots for the gentleman, providing her's not too square, and offers a solution to a pressing social problem, a running battle of the War Between the Sexes.

We also must mention along Tobacco Road, an essay made famous by another *Escapade* contributor, Frankie Caldwell, and discussed Rhode. We are sure that our delight in this morning will be equalled by the pleasure of *Escapade*ers when they, you, encounter this beautiful and curly hill-country story.

Just Of course. This time, we pay a retrospective visit to New Orleans (called Newville, where the Rhine never really born. This is the real scene,



man dig this great and crazy story. And pay special attention to the unparallel illustrations created by *Escapade*'s own art director, Ray Rich.

If we're clever at anything, we're clever at titles, is what we say. Take "The Unearthly Dams," which is a piece-story whose central figure is blonde and wonderful Dams Arden. All *Escapade*ers are certain to love this one, as they are to win philosophically cosmic over "Rising Day," which posits the advantages possessed by a pretty girl when the weather is inclement.

There's humor and satire in various ways, there's a report on the current fiction revolution among frustrated males, there's exciting fiction and art, and an article that takes up the study of the American female where Gail left off.

And more — much, more — all in the same *Escapade* concept.

We consider our obligation, at least for the month of November, well met.

We like to hope that we have unanimous agreement on this.



escapade

CONTENTS

November, 1954. Vol. II, No. 2

DAVID LINTNER
Editor and Publisher

JOE KNEFLER
Executive Editor

RAY RICH
Art Director

BUNTON BORN
Associate Editor

MARTIN ROSEY
Associate Art Director

BETTY GILES
Editorial Assistant

BOB JAY
Production Manager

LEONARD MARTINEZ
Circulation Director



ARTICLES

Blondes Don't Always Prefer Gentlemen	Marion Lake	9
Isopropyl: Benzohexane and Benzohexane	James H. Lively	28
Great! Gentles	S. Morgan Ward	40
Revelation in Reimann	John Nantway	48
Alcohol Without Lacer	Mark Reynolds	52

FICTION

Take Me Home To Paris	Steven Wolf	5
Time Of The First Five	David R. Evans	14
Light, Dry, With Nuts	Curie W. Gurnett	23
For Those Who Stand And Watched	Gene Kinsinger	30
Snake Eyes And Spotted Trout		35

HUMOR AND SATIRE

Whisper! Somebody Blipped!	Dale Murry	15
Thelma Thayer's Remedy	Quincy Adams	26

ART AND PICTORIAL

Tobacco Sheds	19
Unconsciously Danc	50
The Fish	54-55
Fall Of Man	54-55
Rainy Day	55

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial	2
Books And Sales	4
Escapade In Wax	5
Escapade's Courier	29
Answers For Artists	45
Escapade's Emporium	60



Escapade is published monthly by the DRE PUBLISHING CO., INCORPORATED and business offices: Suite 101-111, 1111 Broadway, Los Angeles 46, California. Printed in the U.S.A. No responsibility is accepted for unsolicited contributions. Ownership of pictures, text, illustrations are hereby provided return postage unnecessary, all contributions, illustrations, letters, general correspondence, queries, or other persons, names or places appearing in ESCAPADE is not intended and is strictly confidential. Copyright, 1954, by DRE PUBLISHING CO., Inc. main entry pending at Riverside, Ill.

CREDITS: Cover photo, photo Page 5, 14-15, 24-25, Bill Graham; cover art, Steve Gerson; photo Page 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

NATHAN KATZ, National Advertising Representative
400 Lexington Avenue, New York City, New York

barbs and balm ...

ESCAPEE'S CHOICEST

DEAR ESCAPEE:

You will have to excuse my handwriting as I am in the hospital with my fingers long hanging in the air.

I think your magazine is the greatest and I've been wondering why you haven't put out an annual or book ...

PAT, JOHN B. RICHARDS
Rm. 414, Division
New York City

DEAR ESCAPEE:

When I subscribed to *Escapee* I also asked for the February issue ... I can't get that issue and I want to see that person with the tagline, "I know what he wants, but I don't know how to wrap it!" I want that picture, I want to see if you can track a couple of issues off my subscription, but not that I get that picture! ...

RONALD HEINS
East St. Louis, Illinois

EDITOR'S NOTE: To Reader Richards: *Escapee's* February, our first double issue, is now on the newsstands. To Reader Heins: The various you simply must date it registered (the first magazine release) in "*Escapee's* Choicest" along with a lot of other wonderful pictures taken from the first number issue of *Escapee*.)

WHO'S MYSTERY?

DEAR ESCAPEE:

Read your June issue yesterday and enjoyed it very much. However, one article brought up a question, or rather, a very large question to us who, exactly, Ray Myers is, known as he is a photographer and husband of model Ray Myers. Others say he is the husband player.

Please write this letter again and let print the facts.

RICHARD M. JACOB

EDITOR'S NOTE: You're back right. Myers is the husband player; that is, he's the husband player who had shown that due for the Public School all mine a few years ago, and he's also the talented photographer husband of beautiful model Ray Myers.)

GRAPHS OF WEATH

DEAR ESCAPEE:

To the editor of such a magazine that thinks is writing more words to itself that is where you are going if you don't insist why there is a weather. America is such as you live here. Are young people to read with more God here every on you ... Repeat ... we are looking for a place where there is nothing but darkness ... I am peering ... take all these books and have them ... have enjoy your time and have and more ... if you do not repeat before I will be darkness when you have this world.

(AN UNWOUND LETTER)

EDITOR'S NOTE: What message?

DEAR EDITOR:

I happened to appear (oh) one of your Ethe magazine that is sold for the people specially (oh) the juvenile population of America and wish to make a few comments.

First of all - glancing through this ready (incomplete) (oh) I wish to say, that you have a fine group of MODELERS, SMUGGLERS, HUNTS, PARASITES, DISSEMINATORS (oh) and one named DISSEMINATOR, (oh) and one named DISSEMINATOR, (oh) and one named DISSEMINATOR, (oh) to have forth such subject literature.

For your information I am not a much put (oh) or much as you might want and have been around a good bit with plenty of experience in I am not a goodie goodie (oh) or a grade, and have seen everything, but a Magazine like this (oh) and others like them (oh) should be closed and from the earth together with all the sensational paraphernalia that constitute your staff.

I will try to start the ball rolling if possible to do so.

A bunch of money hungry leeches feeding on the human race.

Put this in your Barbs & Balm. Like hell you will.

J. B. WILSON
Chicago, Illinois

EDITOR'S NOTE: Like hell (oh) Mr. Wilson, we think you're a (oh) man.)

DEAR ESCAPEE:

If you're pleased with this on one of the previous editions this may come in a book. Another writer alone has been a wonderful model appeared, but only if the writer has something to say and says it clearly, humorously or factually. No intelligent person will read the dull stuff up in your August issue the very long. A friend of mine recommended your magazine, I once thought highly of his opinion. Two more issues should be clearly be changing my mind.

STAN BRAUER
Tulahoma, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: Your friend sounds like a nice, intelligent chap.)

FIAT OUT

DEAR ESCAPEE:

Jay Michaels (*Escapee's* September) in his "Fiat Out" could not have read very hard in his AuntieMarty On Page 6 he mentions "there is plenty of big room but the starting wheel, the dark house and the damn grandchild will pain fully control all extraneous activity."

Now it is perfectly possible to enjoy oneself in a lively or much in a large one, although I admit someone might have a slight headache the next day. I know, I have a gold-colored head.

Michaels now begins to mention the real corruption location of the head house. How about it, Jay? Was it an oversight or a lack of corrected thought?

Happy thinking - and keep up the quality of the mag.

THE NAME
Tulsa Medical School
Tulsa, Oklahoma

(P.S. Anatomically speaking, *Escapee's* girls pass up mine.)

DEAR ESCAPEE:

With regard to your story, "Fiat Out," please, please do a little more research on the subject.

I realize that the title "Fiat Out" is rather an ambiguous term. However, there is one thing to remember: a person can not prove itself in comparison. As

properly stated by Boudreau, the Thun-derbolt is a "famous one." Love have it this way.

RONALD M. DONALDSON
Los Angeles, California

(P.S. I am the proud owner of a 58 MCC, but, sorry the owners of the American Sports car - the Corvair.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: We're assuming you mean the of the Automobile Model Association, certainly.)

BRIGHTER SIDE

DEAR ESCAPEE:

A few days ago I picked up my August issue, it is only terrible and the best man's magazine.

The photos of Margaretta Emery will undoubtedly draw an avalanche of comments from your readers. They are certainly exciting pictures of this gorgeous model and I hope you plan to feature her again in these issues.

BOON LANGENBERG
New York City

DEAR ESCAPEE:

The issue of Miss Emery in your August issue with the last of *Escapee* is fast becoming the best man's magazine in its field. Just keep on doing the quality job!

RONALD M. DONALDSON
Chicago, Illinois

DEAR ESCAPEE:

Your new "*Escapee's* Choicest" sounds great, but it cannot be complete without Margaretta Emery (August issue). She's the measure of the beauty! Let's have more pictures of her soon!

A PROPER RESTORIAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: To Heins, Langenberg and Donaldson, the Proper Restorian and the many others who appear in *Escapee's* Margaretta Emery, thanks. We think so, too.)

DEAR ESCAPEE:

Your mag is best from mine to copy but I want to pass along a little comment on your highlights, rest pictures. (That point on third in Mexico was great and I think anybody would have appreciated a few more pictures of the little Panqui girl (about 58 years). She is some eye filler and that Thunderbolt should not only itself rest back ...

TOM KARRIS
Tulahoma, Ohio

MEL'S FRIENDS

I just read the story you did on Mel Tormé. I met Mel several years ago, and through the years have had the greatest respect for his talent. I always felt that the millions people referred to was due to a complex many performers suffer from who don't feel they are getting the recognition they deserve. Today Mel is appreciated and it's a great thing to see.

By the way, Ramsey Lewis, Jr. is one of Mel's biggest fans and also a good friend. They have much in common, including their hobbies and artistic versatility.

HARBERT WASSER
New York City

DEAR ESCAPEE:

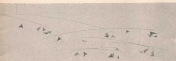
Many thanks for John Wagner's informative article on Mel Tormé in this month's issue. Mr. Wagner's mind might be more on one of his kind of two more of Mel's friends.

My wife and I have admired his work since watching him act in the old Century Room of the Commodore-Vanderbilt Ho-



Take Me

was he truly american, this intuitive amorist?



Michelle passed long enough in her non-taking to straighten a crooked picture. Delicately, with just the tip of her pencil, she carried a dove perched at a corner of the white wood frame, moving the large air you until it was plumb. She did not hurry. She worked at the Galleries Mazarine and the gallery was owned by the Baron de Mazarine; in fact, he had bought it for her, for Michelle. So why should she hurry when the day lay ahead long and empty, and the day beyond that, and the next? Who would fill those days?

Perhaps the man she had just covered. He seemed to be looking at her but she could not tell. Perhaps if she took her glasses off, then would give her an answer so true her head. Ah, yes, he was looking. And, per se, not too young, not a student, thank God, and not married; that is, not married so that it hung from his forehead like the sign on a butcher's shop. Thank God for that, too. Slowly, carefully, she moved the picture forth and back. Why hurry?

And worth the wait, too. She could feel the glance, strong now, like she was reflected mainly from a copper pan. Up it rose, this sun, over her slim ankles, her calves, up her round thighs — she was very proud of her thighs, and with good reason: they were firm, smooth, the hoped marriage had noticed — the sunlight of his glance moved up across her high ramp, curving around her back and tipping just the edge of her small breasts with warmth. And such warmth! Inside where it could not show, she shuddered.

"Monseigneur?" He turned.

"Oh, bon jour, madame, je — je n'ai rien fait d'autre...."

"Americain?"

"Oh, oui, je suis...."

"Then, perhaps I can help you." And by now, Michelle was sure she could help him. She was even more sure he could help her. He was not bad, this American, not a big man, not gross, not too thin, rather, and there was no dear in him.

"Yes, you certainly can help me, if you will."

No, thought Michelle, no fear. Good. She turned fully toward him so that he could see her grey-green eyes, eyes the color of a hard shell under straight black leaves. She smiled so that her lips parted and she smiled more fully than she intended as she remembered that only that morning she had taken the precaution to run a very good perfume — a splendid perfume — for no other reason than that it promised to be a dull morning. Now it was no longer dull and would not be. No, she was sure of that. She would take care of that, and the perfume. Together, they would take care of it.

Together!

Dinner together! Well, good dinner. What good, she observed. "But of course," she answered, "I shall be very happy to tell you all that I can. I am not an expert, you understand, but as you are a journalist and not a critic, perhaps you will prefer an amateur to the expert."

"If madame is not an expert," he said, "surely she is a most gifted amateur." There was a smile, an adventurous, teasing smile, but nothing more. He played with skill, this American, with warmth and skill. What a combination! Michelle was so taken with her good fortune that she looked thoughtful.

"Surely," he began, "you understand that I will be happy to purchase the Galleries Mazarine in exchange for your kindness." At the mention of the gallery, the name of the Baron came into Michelle's mind, and worse than his name, his face; and worse than his face — ah, that was quite bad enough. But for four days he would be gone. With luck, he would be gone a week.

"You know the Road Point?"

"Yes, I've been in Paris only twice before, and already I know the Road Point. Does that surprise you?"

"But no, the most beautiful women in Paris, they are coming to the Road Point."

"I beg your pardon — is —"

"Common?"

"No — I said — is —"

"Well, je ne comprends pas, really...."

"Simple. The most beautiful women in Paris are coming to the Road Point."

"Ah, ah, as right as clock!"

(Continued on next page)

Home to Paris

By BURTON WOHL

TAKE ME HOME TO PARIS (Continued from Page 7)

"At night."

"And, perhaps, as you teach me of your grammar, perhaps I will teach you something of our art."

"Oh, at night, of course?"

"No, much later."

Michelle dressed slowly. Not that the dressing was itself complex. In fact it was simple, so simple that it was almost banal. No braises — the quantity of a. No girdle, no anything but the smoothness of a silk half-slip over the smoothness of her thighs — the quantity of y. A simple dash wrap of a dress, so simple that it had cost her months of tears to pay for it — the quantity of a. NYE. Bare? The formula was complex. The result, irrefragable. A play that one could predict with such exactitude, but still, there was pleasure even in that. The geometry of loss was for her — what had he called her — the ghastly answer? — was still a challenge.

The night was good, cool; cool enough to make one glad for wine and the quick warmth of a hand where it touched one's wrist, one's shoulder, more, even at nights at the soft part of one's waist. Michelle remembered the place exactly. She could touch it.

"Has Madame dined well?" Gino was asking. Indistinctly he put her hand to her waist, to cover the still-warm place. Gino would have seen it, and Gino was not a fidgeter for nothing. True, there was no finer restaurant on the Rue Cassandre, but as good as the river (amusement!) Gino had stated, Gino was a man of a certain importance. All true. But Gino had eyes and the Baron had eyes and the Baron was too rich to be denied.

"It was as it always is, Gino," Michelle answered deliberately. "We dines here always in the same cordons. Fashion."

And Gino, with a fashion's hat for breast wit, mastering even his passion for wealth, could only hide his smile with a brow.

A hour that was repeated wherever they were. For Michelle was too wise, too precise to suggest a café or hotel where she was unknown. No chance no encounter, please, Gino. No stolen moments of recognition, no whispering behind French. No Monsieur was a journalist on a most important magazine who would write an article on contemporary painting, taking particular pains to mention the gallery and the name of the baron — the night told — and was this not the best kind of publicity?

And so she dined here at the Café Patience and at the Fines Colombes, at Le Rastache. For every maître

a waiter smile and a murmured welcome to Monsieur le journaliste d'arriver. And for every maître a bow and a just; a last agreement, if not of support, at least of benevolent neutrality. All her willing allies. Constrained perhaps, by the demands of their profession to offer up intelligence at the demand of the baron — who was, but as not lost sight of this fact, would be beyond contemplation — but still . . . but still. One could be diplomatic, one could dance. One by one, Michelle enlisted them in her corps.

And so busy was she with her strategy, and so absorbed with her nearest success — the quick smile, the tip of a finger drawn across a hand, just so — that she did not at first understand when he said, "Come, now more, just one more place. This one is mine. My Paris."

A Paris she had never seen. A tiny Paris, so small, so hidden, and yet so obvious that she had never known its name. From now she did not know the name. A house, a large, anchored on the Seine. One had to walk long stone steps down and one found oneself in a tiny room lighted only with two candles, rocking over so slightly to the river's pulse, and listening to a Spanish boy who played a guitar with strings which must have been drawn from his loins.

Here, in this, they, candle room, born on the very side of Paris, the Seine, here was the Paris she had sought and never known. Here, and not from cognate and not from the river either, she knew that; but, dizzy with exquisite realization and amazement, she bowed her head back on the dining for the kiss she had calculated and could no longer control.

And she kissed him in return. Again and again. Then they stopped because there was nothing more to be done in that place. "But who are you, man, now is America? Who are you to

take me here? Who — your mouth, you — you are not like the Americans."

"It makes no difference, really, does it? Come, I will take you home."

"Oh, mad Dora, of course, you will take me home. But, please, I am, you say, surprised? Oh? I am surprised. Do you not tell me your name? Tell me again, I cannot remember. No, no, write it clearly, very clearly, so I will read." She opened her purse quickly and took out a tiny gold pencil and a new pen.

GUY FAURETTE, de ROENANT
BARON DE MARAINE

Michelle took the paper and held it toward the candle. Slowly she read the letters and as she did so, her face, even in that dim amber light, grew thin and pale. She looked away from him for a long time, and with her head still turned, and with her pen on the water of the Seine, she asked, "Where did you learn this poem? This is not a kind poem, though you may say so."

"It is no poem."

"Nihil."

"I never it is no poem. Do you know this ring?" He held out a small gold ring, heavily carved with an arabesque and the gleam of it and dropped it with a small clatter on the table.

"It is mine," she said, "I must get it home."

"You see, I am his son."

"Ah, but that is no difference . . ."

"But it is true, I am his son. I am also Monsieur le journaliste d'arriver. I have come back to Paris for the first time in fifteen years. I went to America to school."

"So, then, it was no accident, then you came to the gallery and you met me? You know everything?"

"I know nothing. And I know everything. I know all I need to know." He picked up the ring and motioned for her to rise. "Come," he said, "there is only one thing more." He led her to the edge of the large. The candlelight reached them no longer. They stood darkly against the pale blue light of the river. He put the ring in her hand. "There it," he said.

"But . . ."

"There it." Her hand moved. There was a faint splash in the River Seine; so small, so inconspicuously ended, that it might never have happened at all. He kissed her cheek, kissed her so hard and so long that she felt his kiss in her hair and on the sides of her face.

"Take me home," she said at last, pressing her thighs against his. "Oh, Monsieur le journaliste, take me, take me home — to Paris."



BLONDES DON'T NECESSARILY PREFER GENTLEMEN



*in the battle of the sexes,
the odds favor the rogue*



We might as well face it, fellows. The truth is now and for a long time past has been that blondes (or brunettes or redheads) do not necessarily prefer gentlemen.

The greatest, baddest, loveliest and best-loved of women as often as not fall in love with an average who hasn't climbed very far up the ladder of evolution.

Against such a specimen, who is apt these days to hide his hairy chest under a loud, hand-painted mottin and who makes up his hollowing for what he lacks in fitness, the gentleman hasn't a chance. And a massive physique is not a requirement. The non-gentleman may be a pimply-faced, long-shouldered mink; he'll still make it tough on the gentleman.

Need proof? How about Marion Brandel How about Eliza Doolittle? How about — oh, well, this could go on forever.

This is not a situation peculiar to our time; it has been going on for centuries and the Casanovas and the Rubicongs have always had it good, whereas the Nicholais and Lancelots have always had it bad, propaganda to the contrary.

The truth of the matter is that there exists in the peccable psyche of the average female a perverse inclination to find the clearest gentlemen somewhat dull, and to discern excitement and stimulation in the rogue.

The case of the housewife who permits herself to be surprised in comfort by a well-regarded husband who is kind to her, and surprisingly treats her body to the ministrations of a back-scrubber who bears his wife and children, is typical. The fixer is apt to be stupid, wary, craft, loud and completely inconsistent, but he makes the frail little housewife in a way her "nice" husband never can.

This also goes for tender young girls in their selection of boy friends. How many fathers have been dismayed and puzzled to see their daughter disappear into the attractions of the high school basket mender and captain of the football

team in order to ride around all night with a skinny delinquent in a broken down jalopy. Or even on the back seat of a motorcycle.

There must be a reason, or reasons, for this state of affairs. An obvious point is that the clean-cut youth, because of his scruples, is inclined to most want to stay clear of the point where he seriously compromises a girl of whom he regards as the "decree" class, whereas old Pimple Face doesn't give a damn. If she will, he will; and if she won't, he'll settle, at least, a half of a way at forcing the issue. In this regard, the percentages are with him.

Security is important to a woman, but she perversely delights in placing her security in jeopardy. She craves this thrill as speed-mad motorists delight in scoring themselves to death on the highway at nighty miles an hour. In most instances, the woman is smarter than the speed-mad driver, however; she'll try to make certain that her security is secure, no matter what, before she risks it. It's when she miscalculates that the trouble starts.

Some psychologists, in trying to explain this perversion of taste in women, hold that all women are born with a feeling of inferiority; they feel inferior, sometimes, simply because

(Continued on next page.)